

THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME X, NO. 1

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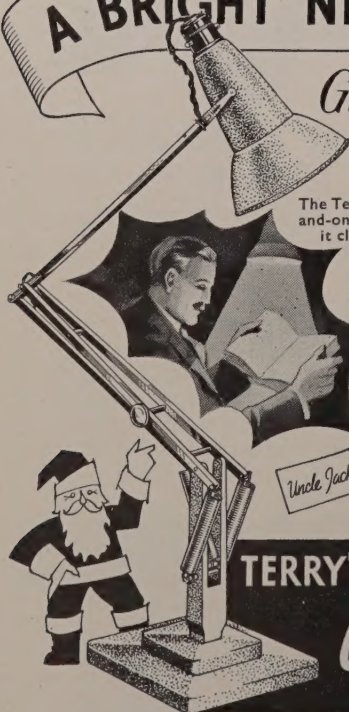
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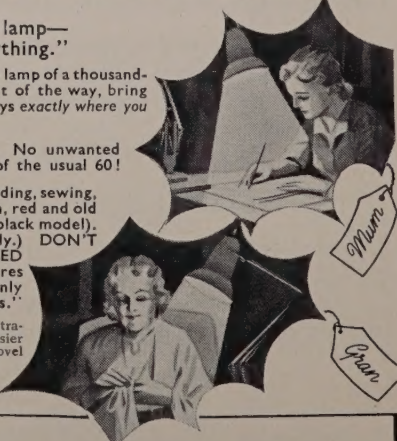
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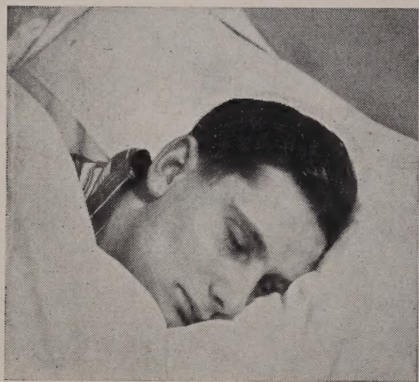
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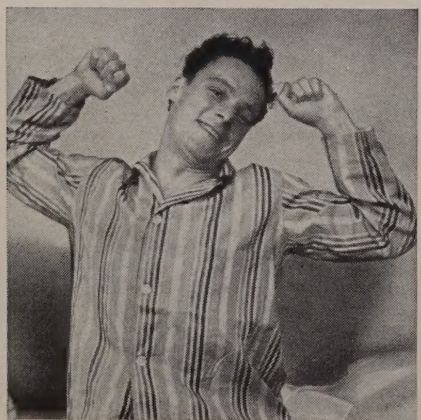
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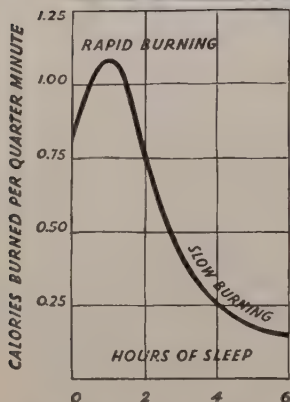
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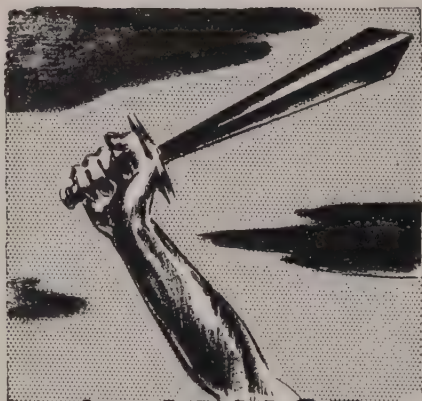
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Dances of Central Celebes

by J. H. AND BERTILD BEKKER

Isolated in their highlands, the Toradjas of Celebes have preserved in a primitive form many of the ideas and practices that have been modified elsewhere in the Malay archipelago by Hindu, Buddhist, Moslem or Christian influence. Here, for example in the trance-dances, may be perceived the roots that have produced, in Bali, the marvellous flowers of art described in our October number

SOUTH of the Philippine Islands, between Borneo and the Moluccas, stretches the peculiarly shaped island of Celebes, the third in size of the various islands of the Netherland East Indian archipelago. Of the derivation of the name Celebes nothing is known for certain. By that name, however, the island has been known since the beginning of the 16th century, although it was not until the end of the 19th century that its scientific exploration was undertaken.

Through the centre of the island runs a chain of mountains and among these are scattered the tribes of the Toradjas; the word Toradja means 'Man of the Mountains'. These tribes have hardly been influenced by outside civilization or even by contact with the more advanced peoples of the coast. Because of linguistic differences the Toradjas are subdivided into several groups, all of them being distinct from one another in customs, religion, character and attire. Each group has its own feasts and dances and its own particular rites; these show no traces of the Hindu influence so evident in Java and Bali.

Like most primitive peoples, the Toradjas devote considerable time to feasts and dances. Funeral rites, harvest thanksgivings, offerings and invocations to the spirits, inauguration of work in the fields, these and other occasions are marked by elaborate festivities.

The remotest regions of central Celebes are inhabited by the West Toradja tribe. Notwithstanding the missionary influence which has recently begun to affect the lives of these people, they have preserved many customs from pre-Christian times. This

state of affairs is reflected in their dances.

Very gay and charming is the Wuntja dance, which is performed on the occasion of a thanksgiving festival called 'Wuntja', after the crops have been harvested. At this festival all the participants endeavour to look their very best. The men put on their most valued short silk knee-breeches (striped as a rule), white shirts, a silk garment wound over one shoulder and fantastic headcloths. Round their waists a broad band is wound several times, and to this a precious sheath, adorned with a big tuft of human hair, is attached, containing a sword of good workmanship. The tuft of human hair is a reminder of the old custom of head-hunting.

The girls wear their best crinolines made of bark cloth. Their tunics are ornamented with square bits of mica, and on



Stanford, London.



All photographs by the authors

The Wuntja Dance is part of the festival performed after harvest by the West Toradjas. A maypole, from which are hung bags of plaited palm-leaves containing cooked rice, is raised—



—and around it youths and girls move in slow time, the youths holding the girls round the neck. With singing and stamping, the dance continues by fire- or moonlight after sunset



The ornaments worn by the girls for the Wuntja dance consist of a headband of coloured beads, eardrops, arm- and finger-rings of gold, neck-chains of gold coins and filigree work—



—and, at the back below the edge of the bast tunic, egg-shaped boxes containing small bells which tinkle at every step. Except for the beads, all this jewelry is native work

the head they have a band of coloured beads. They also wear neck-chains, ear-drops, arm- and finger-rings, all made of gold and adorned with precious stones. Round the waist a number of egg-shaped boxes are suspended from a rod, and appear at the back just below the edge of the tunic. These boxes are of gold, embellished with coloured beads and pom-poms, and in them are hung small bells which tinkle at every step.

On the place designed for the festivities the natives raise a sort of maypole, on the branches of which small bags are suspended, made of plaited palm leaves and containing cooked rice.

The youths and girls form a mixed circle and move slowly with stamping steps around the festive tree. A leader among the girls intones a song, and the rest take it up. Then the men strike up another tune, not so melodious, however, as the chant of the girls. After a while the circle is broken up, the youths seize the girls, holding them around the neck with their left arms, and they all start dancing in pairs in two rows. A remarkable feature of this dance is the whooping and stamping of the young men, repeated at intervals and answered every time by three bows on the part of the girls. Throughout the dance various figures are performed in order. After sunset the moon lights the scene, or, if there is no moon, a fire is made to supply illumination.

Unlike nearly all other native dances, which are extremely monotonous, the Wuntja dance is very lively indeed.

A foot-wide path through thick forest and a rattan suspension bridge over a stream led us to a village of another group of the West Toradjas. Here we witnessed a religious festival, the purpose of which is to implore from the good spirits the favour of another rich harvest.

A few days before this festival was to take place big drums were beating all over the village. This was supposed to attract

the attention of the spirits and to invoke their aid.

The actual invocation festival is preceded by a special entertainment for the youth, which is held the evening before. Young men and girls assemble in the festive hall (*lobo*), the men at one end and the girls at the other. They sing love songs, very melodious tunes; the men begin and the girls answer in a chorus. Then the men join the girls and they dance and sing around a fire till the next morning.

In the early afternoon of the next day the entire village, young and old alike, assembles at the scene of festivities. The men wear short black jackets with gold embroideries and attractive headcloths. The women's dresses are made of bark cloth, their headbands of bamboo painted with stripes; they wear many arm- and finger-rings and around their necks a collar of beads with a fringe of coins and bells. A bunch of fine, scented leaves, tied to the waist at the back, completes their festive attire. Some of the young girls have painted stripes and circles on their faces. A few of them look quite pretty; but the old women, with their greatly distended ear-lobes and filed teeth, look hideous.

At this religious festival the Raego dance is performed, a ritual symbolizing offerings to the Dewatas, or good spirits.

The men form a semicircle, each with his left hand on the right shoulder of the person next to him; the women, clasping each other, walk in one row. The men next form a circle around the women; they take four steps forward, stamping their left feet on the ground and whooping in time. The women take four steps sideways and a short step backward with the left foot. The dancers sing all the time, never stopping and never changing to another figure. Now and then a dancer takes a rest, sitting down on the ground where old people and children have gathered to watch. Both dance and song are very monotonous.

Another dance of the West Toradjas is the Raego, held during a festival at which the Dewatas, or good spirits, are implored to grant a rich harvest



First the men, wearing embroidered jackets and headcloths, form a semi-circle, while the women, clasping each other's waists, walk in a row



Next the men make a circle around the women; the real dance then begins, a lengthy performance remarkable for the monotony both of step and chant





Most striking of the festivals is the Ma-Maroh, or Satan's feast, of the Sa'adang Toradjas; its purpose is to conjure the Dewatas to cure the sick, who are possessed by Maroh, the Devil

The sick are placed in the midst of a circle of dancers; soon the medicine-man, the chief person at the feast, covers them with blankets. When they are thought to have perspired enough—



—they are freed, dried and submitted to the next stage of the treatment which consists of standing on a platform over burning palm - leaves, in the hope that the fire will expel Maroh

The most peculiar and striking festival is undoubtedly the Ma-Maroh, or Satan's feast, of the Sa'adang Toradjas, a tribe living in the basin of the Sa'adang river in south-west central Celebes. The name Toradja, 'Man of the Mountains', suits these secluded people even better than their neighbours.

This tribe is in many ways the most remarkable of all the tribes on the island, although comparatively little is known of it. The people have been affected least of all by contact with the outside world; they remain animistic pagans, and the Satan's feast sheds interesting light on their spiritual beliefs.

The purpose of this feast is to conjure the good spirits to cure the sick and to shield the village against illness in future. For the Toradjas believe that the sick are possessed by the Devil (Maroh); but at the same time they are firmly convinced that their good spirits (Dewatas) are mightier than evil, so that these can protect them against Maroh and even rescue them from his grip.

In order to obtain this beneficial intercession of the Dewatas on behalf of the sick, and their benignant attitude towards the tribe in general, sacrifices are of the first importance. The Ma-Maroh is, therefore, always preceded by a separate ceremony which is intended to find out what kind of offerings the Dewatas demand. In the course of a special dance, which, starting with a slow movement, grows wilder and wilder, the natives gradually become excited by the monotonous strains of the drums until one of the participants falls into a trance. During this trance he communicates with the Dewatas, and conveys to his tribesmen that the Dewatas wish a Maroh feast. The natives believe that falling into a trance places them in communication with the spirit world.

A few weeks later the actual Satan's feast is celebrated. As a rule the ceremonies, which last for two days, are not

performed by every village separately, but by groups of villages united for the purpose. They meet at a place agreed upon in advance, some bringing chickens, others rice, *sagoweer* (the native wine) and similar necessities. They all gather in a mood of excitement to watch the medicine-man expel the Devil from the sick people.

The medicine-man is a member of the tribal community and his special function is to cure the sick. He is supposed to have invisible power and to be in communication with those spirits who aid him in curing. He has other functions as well: he is a clairvoyant and a weather-maker, he chooses the lucky days for marriages, funerals, house-buildings and so on. His art is many-sided.

The medicine-man is thus the principal person at the feast and plays the main part in its performance.

The festivities are opened with the Maroh dance, in which only the male population takes part, women being excluded from it by custom. The dancers range themselves in two rows, facing each other. They do short steps forward and backward, bobbing all the while and singing a monotonous song in which the Dewatas are invoked to drive the Devil out of the sick and to restore them to health. This dance takes up a considerable time, but is interrupted thrice by loud yells.

After the second yell the sick are placed in the circle formed by the dancers and the medicine-man, chanting an incantation, covers them up with a blanket. Hand in hand the dancers move around this group with short steps, still continuing their song.

The covering of the sick with blankets in the tropic sun causes an abundant perspiration, which is certainly a very effective therapeutic in many sicknesses. Similar measures are often employed by our own physicians.

After a while the blanket is swept off and the patients dry their bodies. Now

follows the second mode of treatment. The patients are placed on a bamboo platform under which palm leaves are burning; the fire is intended to expel the evil spirits, and the patients remain on the platform for two or three minutes.

Then the medicine-man tries a knife on himself. If he bleeds, the Dewatas have not granted him the power to exorcise and he must wait and try again till the bleeding ceases, when he will cut the patients on their legs, arms and shoulders as well as in the abdominal region. The object in cutting is to ascertain whether the patient still has the evil spirit in him; if the knife draws blood the evil spirit is still there. Then the patients form a line and the medicine-man passes a bunch of burning palm-leaves along them. Thus Maroh is infallibly expelled.

This part of the ceremonies completed, all participants take a rest and sit down

to a meal, which consists of raw chicken and rice mixed with chicken blood and served on bamboo leaves, and of sago-wine in bamboo cups. As reward for his work the medicine-man gets six chickens, and his assistant four.

Loud beating on a buffalo-skin drum is the signal for the festivities to be resumed: this time with the Magilluh (crazy) dance. This dance is very elegant in form and is performed by women only. Making a circle around the drum, they move with small, tapping steps, their arms outstretched and their hands performing delicate rhythmic movements.

Steadily the number of participants increases, the beating of drums quickens, the dance gets faster and wilder, the dancers become very excited and a few of them go into a trance. The Toradjas believe that when in trance some people are inspired by good spirits; others, how-



The supreme test: no blood drawn; no devil in occupation. The medicine-man, having first experimented on himself to determine his own suitability, cuts the patients on various parts of their bodies—



—while his assistant does the same. If they bleed, the patients are lined up and the medicine-man passes burning leaves along them: a measure to which even Maroh has no effective answer

ever, are thought to be under the influence of evil spirits, in which case they are induced by Maroh to climb trees, to put their necks between the blades of two crossed knives, to lie upon knives and so on. Their neighbours help them to put this trance communication from Maroh into effect, because a misfortune will fall on all alike if Maroh's orders are disobeyed.

The medicine-man decides whether the women in trance are under the spell of good or evil spirits. The latter are treated by him with the same methods as the sick; stubborn cases receive treatment with burning palm-leaves.

On the second day of the feast the entire population marches to the river, where a cock is sacrificed to Maroh so as to appease him and keep him out of the villages.

The living sacrificial cock is carried in a round basket plaited of palm-leaves and fastened to a bamboo pole; the medicine-man carries a vessel of rice and a helper a tube of sago-wine. These are all food for the Devil. The pole with the basket is dug into the ground near the river, and the cock is left aloft in the basket to starve. During this ceremony more dances are performed by men and women to the strains of the drum and again some of the participants fall into a trance. This latter occurrence forms an important part of the festivities which, without it, would be considered to be a failure.

After Maroh has been appeased with the food, the procession goes back to the village. For another year the important ceremony of curing the sick is over and all return to their normal lives.

Switzerland's Fourth National Language

by W. A. DE SAGER

An acquaintance of ours said the other day: "Who are the Poles, anyway? I wish they'd never been invented!" This is a very common attitude towards other people whose existence and problems create inconvenient disturbance in our own lives. It has long been the usual English attitude towards the Irish. Exactly the opposite attitude has been taken by the Swiss towards the Raeto-Romans, and the way in which they have helped that little people to recreate itself is a measure of Swiss civilization and a model for the Europe of the future

TRAVELLING along the Reuss valley, leaving the Lake of Lucerne in the rear, we come to that romantic region—Tell's country, the cradle of Swiss independence, and then on to the small yet important village of Andermatt. From here radiate three vital arteries of Swiss communications. To the west runs the Furka Pass, taking us from the Swiss-German to the French-speaking part of the country; to the south the Gotthard Pass threads its tortuous way to Airolo, the beginning of the Italian-speaking region; while to the east lies the Oberalp Pass which—after a

ten-mile drive—brings us to the Canton of the Grisons and the Raeto-Romansh country.

The Grisons, intersected by 150 Alpine valleys, is the largest, yet most sparsely populated of the 22 Swiss cantons. Of its 126,000 inhabitants 40,000 speak Romansh, 68,000 Swiss-German, while the remaining 18,000 talk Italian. Many of its self-governing communities look down on the world from the highest inhabited altitudes of Europe.

Recently, the Raeto-Romans—the smallest but not least proud of Switzerland's minorities—figured prominently in home politics when the Republic's four million citizens were asked to vote whether Romansh should be raised to the status of 'Fourth National Language'. The motion met with the nation's whole-hearted approval, thus proving again to the world that 'the Swiss Confederation assures its own linguistic minorities such ideal normal conditions as to be cited everywhere as an example'.

This vote was an instance of Swiss democracy, an institution built up on the principles of individual rights and the repudiation of force, whose strength is derived from the common past of the different peoples composing the state.

Individual members of the federation vary in their political arrangements. For instance, five Cantons still transact important state business in the open market square, where the local government is surrounded by every eligible voter and





The Engadine in spring time. The Raeto-Romans, who come of hardy mountain stock, are from childhood familiar with scenery which has thrown a spell over many passing strangers whose background is more commonplace



A. Brunold

Feuerstein



Engadine peasants live in villages, often some distance from the land they farm. The houses are grouped to give a view of the market place and drinking-trough where not only animals congregate to drink but women to do their washing and gossiping

An oriel window at Ardez designed to give the occupant a threefold view of life outside. The mural decoration is of Italian origin and is made by scratching away a thin coating of whitened mortar so that the darker tones underneath form a pattern



Feuerstein

Large house-doors have little doors inset. The upper part is left open to admit light and air; the lower half, closed against importunate sheep, has a small aperture for chickens

motions are passed or rejected by a show of hands.

Swiss citizens have the right, provided 50,000 signatures are obtained, to introduce legislative measures in the Federal Parliament, as well as to demand an amendment or addition to the Constitution. Laws passed by the legislature may be vetoed by popular vote, if a referendum, necessitating 30,000 signatures, is asked for.

The Cantons have managed to preserve intact their political and cultural individualities. However, to meet the exigencies of a changing order, it has been found necessary to modify, to some extent, their respective administrative systems, as in matters relating to currency, customs, postal services and the army. But such questions as schools, the administration of justice and the collection of taxes are, for the most part, subject to each Cantonal authority.

It was not until 1803 that the Grisons became a member of the Swiss Confederation, although through cultural affinities, economic relations and political alliances a close understanding with Switzerland had been built up through the centuries.

The earliest recorded date in the history of the Grisons is 15 B.C., the year the country came under the domination of Rome. However, Raetic civilization must have attained a very high standard at a considerably earlier period, judging from the discovery at St Moritz (5850 ft. above sea-level) of a wonderfully preserved piped spring-house, estimated to pre-date the first Bronze age.

Nevertheless the origin of the Raetians, as well as the factors which influenced their early evolution, remain obscure. Livy and other Roman writers inclined to the belief that they were the descendants of the Etruscans who under Raetus, their leader—from whom they took their name—fled to the Alps to escape Gallic invasion. A second theory upheld by Mommsen and other authorities is that the Etruscans, during their wanderings from

the east, settled in the Grisons, whence they later penetrated into Italy.

The ambitious schemes cherished by Julius Caesar for the expansion of the Roman Empire beyond the Alps called for the subjection of the Raetic tribes. The bloody battles which ensued and the enemy's fierce resistance have been immortalized by Horace: the Raetians, he says, were 'Sworn to die for freedom'. The results of the victory were far-reaching and enabled the legionaries to advance as far as the banks of the Danube. Later, Diocletian, to facilitate the administration of the newly conquered territories included them under the name of Raetia, calling what is now the Grisons, Raetia Prima; while the present northern Tyrol and southern Bavaria became Raetia Secunda.

Although traces of Roman occupation are found in both provinces, from those discovered in the Grisons it is evident that it was nothing more than a strong military encampment. Raetia Prima's great importance to the Romans lay in her command of the Alpine passes, but in her stout warriors they also found unexpectedly valuable material. The men's natural fighting propensities, together with the stern Roman discipline, turned them into intrepid soldiers, able to defend themselves against invaders and ready for future emergencies.

With the decay of imperial power, preceded by the weakening of Roman military defences, all the provinces beyond the Alps fell a prey to barbarian invasions. Only the Grisons, enclosed in its mountain fastness and defended by native forces, was able to withstand attack and to maintain its independence, 'emerging like an island in a stormy sea of peoples'.

The setback that the Latinization of Raetia thus received would have been greater had it not been for Christianity which slowly, but surely penetrated into the country, bringing with it new light and learning.

Here, it is interesting to note that not

The Raeto-Romans are justifiably house-proud: a parlour, panelled in Cembra pine. The tiled stove, centre of social life in winter, is surmounted by a wooden screen used for airing linen and clothes



Albert Steiner

In the kitchen, beside the large, flat, open hearth used for cooking, from which the smoke is drawn up through a wide chimney-hood, there is a small hearth called a foura to heat the milk for cheese-making



Albert Steiner

The Suler, a central hall with vaulted ceiling, is found in many old houses in the Engadine. Store-room, play-room and in summer dining-room, it is frequently the scene of merry meetings and dances



Roman, but probably Irish and Scottish, monks completed the Latinization of the people through their conversion. Their work has endured throughout the centuries in the language. Commenting on the Romansh now spoken in the Grisons, an eminent scholar remarks that it is 'such a living Latin that one marvels at it and is entranced'.

At the end of the 5th century, Theodoric,



A parish priest who is also editor of a leading Romansh newspaper. His popularity with his flock is shared by his St Bernard dog

King of the Ostrogoths, conquered Italy. Aspiring to restore the Roman Empire, he found it expedient to assure for himself a vigilant guard in the Raetian Alps. By granting the people a liberal autonomy he was able to secure their goodwill and an alliance.

Raetia Prima's good fortune did not desert her even during the struggles of Theodoric's successors against the Byzantine Empire. And when in A.D. 537 the Franks obtained as the price of their neutrality all territories from Provence to the Grisons, the latter, although small, was recognized as a separate state, retaining the name of Raetia; while all other regions which Rome had included under that name passed into the hands of the Goths, Byzantines, Langobards and Bajuvarians, thereby losing for ever their Raetic character and language.

Under the Frankish kings, soon to become the new masters of Italy, Raetia continued to enjoy exceptional treatment; and with the creation of the Holy Roman Empire the Alpine passes acquired a fresh importance. This occasioned a veritable influx of German feudal lords who established themselves in neighbouring castles and fortresses, as guardians of the passes. In the meantime, the Bishop of Chur—the largest proprietor of lands and fiefs—whose favour it was necessary to obtain, was made a Prince of the Empire. This step was sufficient to whet the appetites of the ambitious German nobles. From then on this important office, hitherto filled by members of leading Raetic families, passed into Teutonic hands.

German influence made itself increasingly felt and led gradually to a general feeling of discontent among the Raetians. This sentiment was intensified by the presence in the country of a large number of German-speaking peasants, induced to migrate under a promise of greater freedom than that accorded the natives; also by the fact that the clergy were ordered to preach in German as well as in Romansh.



Translator of many Swiss-German works into Romansh is a farmer who has for 40 years been a member of the Grisons Diet and a staunch campaigner for recognition of the language

In the beginning of the 15th century, the oppressed Raetic tribes—encouraged by the example of their Swiss neighbours—rebelled against their German tyrants, sacking and burning castles and towers. Finally, as a protective measure against the ever-present menace of Austrian invasion, they formed themselves into a body, now famous as the 'Grey League' (Graubünden or the Grisons).

Such efforts towards self-determination aroused the resentment of the Emperor Maximilian who accordingly sent a strong punitive force against the small Republic.

But what the Raetians lacked in numbers and training they fully made up for in dogged determination, and the rousing victory they gained over their adversaries secured for them complete independence from the German Empire.

From that time on, the bond uniting the Romansh, German-Swiss and Italian-speaking peoples of the Grisons was so strong that not even the vexed religious questions of the day nor the bitterness evoked by the Thirty Years' War could impair or disturb it. When the Republic of the Grisons finally joined the Swiss

To preserve their ancient crafts, the older peasants have suggested that girls who cannot spin and weave linen for their dowries should be forbidden to marry. This woman's husband still wears the clothes she spun thirty years ago



Each village has its own fashions, which, down to the smallest details, are strictly adhered to without reference to personal taste. Peculiar to the Tavetsch valley is a small bonnet, of black frilled lace



Confederation in 1803, it was a perfect union. Sharing and valuing alike the principles of freedom and democracy, the two states stood as a living example of understanding and mutual collaboration.

Throughout the centuries the flame of the Romansh tongue has burned incessantly. Withstanding dangers and vicissitudes, perilously situated between the potent forces of German and Italian, its survival is indisputable proof of an astonishing vitality.

This is especially remarkable when it is remembered that until the first quarter of the 16th century it was transmitted from one generation to the other by word of mouth only. With the Reformation, however, and the advent of the printing press, the literary side of the language developed. The first Romansh Bible appeared in 1678, but other religious books had been printed before that. Today numerous Romansh journals and books are published; there are four newspapers, all under the capable editorship of men whose special concern is the preservation and purity of the language.

Romansh—now acknowledged an official language equal to French, German and Italian—is like Welsh and Erse, only useful within its native confines. Hence, the people for the sake of everyday intercourse and trade are obliged to learn another language. That this should be German-Swiss is logical in view of the economic and cultural ties between them and their co-citizens.

Today a fresh political significance attaches to the origin of Romansh in view of the assertion of irredentist Italians that it is a Lombard or Italian dialect. But scientific research has shown this statement to be without any serious foundation.

Romansh, like Italian, French, Rumanian and Spanish, is derived from Vulgar-Latin; but as French is built up on a Gallic, and Spanish on an Iberian base, so is Romansh on a Raetic base. Each language has acquired during the course

of time, and according to the influences to which it was subjected, its present characteristics.

With all these languages the adherence to the original root varies. However, the gulf between Vulgar-Latin and Romansh has not widened to the extent it has with other Neo-Latin languages; this kinship is apparent in many current Romansh words which adhere to the Latin, while the Italian equivalents have acquired an entirely different form.

The similarity between many Romansh words and those of archaic French, Provençal and Catalan is striking. During a recent visit to the Engadine I happened to meet a Provençal who told me he had no difficulty in reading the local newspapers, although he had never studied the language. Apparently, with languages, distance is no bar to a close relationship.

Time marches on! Yet in many of the Grisons valleys and in certain parts of the Engadine it does so in a leisurely manner. And if, avoiding the purely tourist districts, we wend our way up the more isolated mountain roads we come to villages where progress—in its worse sense—is scarcely apparent; where old customs are still observed and the people are absorbed in the simple process of living. Even today the average peasant rejoices in the thought of almost complete self-sufficiency. The woman is proud of producing from raw materials which she has grown the linen and woollen fabrics required for household use. In the family chests hand-spun linen embroidered with taste and care is still to be found. And many of the kitchen and other utensils are home-made, skilfully adorned with carved motifs handed down for generations.

This desire for domestic independence is bred of a centuries-old necessity; most of the roads which exist today are new or comparatively so. Until they made their appearance transport, a precarious task in summer, was—as it still often is—extremely hazardous in winter. The people re-

mained cut off by the snows from outside supplies sometimes as late as May or June. Therefore they had to see that their grain chests were full and haylofts stocked, and that there was sufficient food to last through the dead months of the year.

Farming in the Grisons is an arduous task involving ceaseless toil through the comparatively short period when work is possible. Journeying sometimes for an hour or more from one small holding to another, often perched high on the mountainside, up which manure and implements have to be carried, the peasant must wrest the maximum from his shallow soil. No slope is too steep, no path is too difficult for him. In the autumn the grain is cut before it is ripe owing to the risk of early snow. Time after time the carts return bearing their precious burden of hay, bundled in coarse hand-woven linen cloths (this being necessary as the grass is so short) secured by long, delicately plaited leather bindings.

Fascinating is the observance of time-worn customs and traditions, many of which, dating back to the dark ages and varying from valley to valley, are a curious mixture of the pagan and Christian. By reason of the long inaccessibility of the Grisons, many of these customs have retained characteristics inherited from pre-Roman, Roman and old Germanic times. In the Spring Festivals held in the Engadine, Münstertal, Bergell, Puschlav and Unter and Oberhalbstein districts odd practices are found which have come down directly from the sun-worshippers.

How many peasants realize that the way they milk their goats has been handed down from parent to child since the days of the Romans? The first time I crossed the Oberalp Pass I noticed a small boy milking a frisky young 'nanny' outside the village of Sedrun. Instead, as is usual, of sitting at the animal's side, he was squatting behind it, his head pressed against its hindquarters, and he reached the udders by passing his hands between the back

legs. This way, he explained, the pail was more or less safe from any sudden whim of the slightly refractory matron. The explanation appeared logical. But the incident gained in interest when, some time afterwards, I happened to see in the Swiss-Roman Museum at Brugg, a small Roman coin on which was depicted this method of milking.

Each season, indeed each feast day, is the occasion for festivities of some kind. In the Protestant Engadine the New Year is acclaimed by the violent ringing of every bell in the village. In the Catholic, by the noisy firing of rifles and rockets.

In ZuoZ the 'Old Year', personified by the last on the spot, is thrust in a sack, from which his head protrudes adorned with a dunce's cap. Thus attired, the helpless victim—perchance the local schoolmaster—is placed on a sledge and driven round the village followed by the children, who make the most of their opportunities, particularly if he is not too popular.

New Year as it is celebrated in Sent is rollicking fun. First comes the village band visiting from house to house, playing as it goes. In each parlour, still known as the 'spinning-room', steaming coffee, cream and cakes are waiting; appetites, too, are not lacking. The visit is perforce brief, but there is time enough for a tune or two and for the refreshments to disappear. Then, enjoining the younger members of the family to come and dance, band and youth move on to the next house, there to regale themselves afresh and swell their numbers for the village ball.

At midnight the dancers pause for more refreshment and a sip of 'something warming' to cheer the departing year. Now the girls may slip away, and by dark and mysterious rites seek to discover what their fate will be. Some return stealthily to their homes and in the darkness insert a marker in the family Bible. Then back to the dance. The next day the fatal page will be consulted and the text probed for



Albert Steiner

Engadiner maidens, once influenced by foreigners to discard national for conventional city clothes, are now, owing to a revival of interest in peasant customs, proud to dress in the tradition of their grandmothers



E. Meerkamper

Nourishment of the land comes, in the Grisons peasant's eyes, before mere beauty, and many a spring carpet of crocuses is lightheartedly smothered under a good dressing of manure

Crops of wheat and rye grow up to an altitude of 6000 feet and rarely ripen there owing to early snowfalls. So they are harvested, brought down in bundles and hung on wooden frames until they are ready for threshing

Jules Geiger





E. Meerkamper

E. Meerkamper

Making fast a load of high-lying Alpine hay before the long descent to the valley. The grass is of excellent quality but so short that it has to be made into bundles for carrying



Evening in Dahlin on the Heinzenberg. The last load of hay is being brought in, while women and children, their hayrakes laid aside, are already enjoying a well-earned rest

its hidden meaning. Of particular interest is the initial of the first name which happens to turn up, for it is sure to be that of the future swain! Others make for the crossroads and, when assured that no one is about, they sit down in the middle, take off a shoe, and after tapping three times on the cobbles, toss it high above the head in the air. Let us trust that it is a dry night and not too cold, for the missing shoe must be retrieved! With beating heart the girl seeks it, carefully notes the direction in which the toe is pointing, and thus reassured from where her fate will come, hurries back hoping that no one will have noticed her absence from the dance.

Morning brings yet another chance to try the kindness of the gods. Guiltily the maiden of hitherto irreproachable honesty dashes to the woodpile outside the house of the young man she favours, and grabs as many pieces of wood as she can carry. Eagerly she counts them. If they are even-numbered—all is well! But, if they are odd—good-bye to matrimonial bliss for the coming year.

The Raeto-Romans are pleasing to look at; the girls pretty and animated, the men slender, strong and lithe. Equally attractive is their courteous, at first reticent manner. Although hardy mountain folk they possess an innate delicacy and charm far removed from the stern realities of their existence.

The Raeto-Roman, whether from town or village, is justly proud of his race, his history, his language and his mountains. While welcoming the influx of strangers which winter sports, spas and natural beauties have attracted to his country, he nevertheless prefers to remain somewhat aloof. Although he and his family frequently speak several languages, these are reserved for foreigners. At home his maternal tongue remains sacrosanct.

In the same manner as the Romansh people have preserved old customs and

traditions, so have their tenacity, courage and clear-sightedness remained. In these troubled times we turn with a feeling of relief and admiration to a minority which is enthusiastically promoting the restoration and assisting in the preservation of its centuries-old language. One cannot but pay full tribute to the Swiss Confederation which has understood so well how to weld into one nation peoples of different races and attributes and speaking different tongues. Framed with wisdom and foresight, administered with justice and impartiality, the Swiss Constitution not only acted as an incentive to the Romansh people to throw in their lot with the oldest Republic in Europe, but has made it easy for them to become assimilated.

Every endeavour of the Raeto-Romans for the revival of Romansh has met with interest and encouragement; even when in the beginning efforts were of necessity modest and slow, Government co-operation was not lacking. The people know what they want and their steadfastness of purpose is invaluable in helping them to obtain their objective. The idea of retrieving those parts of the country now lost to the language does not exist; but where Romansh still survives, it is to be preserved. School textbooks are constantly revised, improved and supplemented by new ones. The training of teachers is receiving particular attention and is facilitated by the number of courses which are increased year by year. There is a Chair of Romansh and its literature at the University of Geneva.

Thus are the people striving to further the object which lies so near their hearts. They have weathered the storms and difficulties of centuries—‘resolutely opposing both Italianization and Germanization’. Their feelings are clearly defined in the declaration: “*Ni Talians, ni Tudais-chs! Rumanschs vulains resta!* (Neither Italians nor Germans! We will remain Romansh!)”.

Japan's Investment in Manchuria

by PAUL HIBBERT CLYDE

Professor Clyde, of Duke University, North Carolina, has had a long acquaintance both with Japan and with Manchuria, to each of which he has paid three long visits during the past ten years. It should be noted that he does not use the words 'Manchuria' and 'Manchukuo' synonymously: the former includes not only the political State of Manchukuo but also the southern tip of the Liaotung Peninsula (Kwantung) which was acquired by Japan at the close of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905

LIFE on the Ginza, the main shopping thoroughfare of Tokyo, maintains what a late American president would have called 'normalcy'. At night, to be sure, the blaze of electric lights is dimmed a little; the bars and cafés where one now buys Japanese instead of Scotch whisky close at 11.30; the American and the European tourist has become a rare sight; but the Japanese are still here going about their business very much as they were ten years ago before there was any Manchukuo and before there was any serious thought of exterminating Chiang Kai-shek and China's Kuomintang.

This seeming normalcy in things external at least is the more surprising in the light of Japan's gigantic objectives: the conquest of China and the establishment therein of subservient régimes; the preservation of the Far East from all significant Russian or Communist influence; and finally—the subject of the following pages—the building of Manchukuo, designed to fulfil a double function of military bastion against Russia and of economic base in the broad and as yet somewhat indefinite programme of Japan's industrial expansion.

The political parentage of Manchukuo and the legitimacy of its birth have been open to some questioning during the years since 1932 when this child among States made its unwelcome appearance on the map of north China. The infant, though recognized by Japan, Italy and Germany, has been ostracized politically and socially by the members of the League of Nations

and by the United States. However, the question whether Manchukuo merits admittance to all 'the best circles' is beyond the scope of an article designed to set forth briefly the economic and material rather than the political aspects of Japan's position in Manchuria.

When Japan's Kwantung and Korean armies took possession of Manchuria back in the closing months of 1931 probably not more than a handful of Japanese (mostly military officers) had any concrete plan as to what ought to be done with it. Even after the idea of the so-called independent State was accepted, official and business circles in Tokyo remained not only divided but also at times indifferent to its ultimate character. Manchuria in fact was left largely to the good graces of the Kwantung army whose officers were wedded, albeit somewhat vaguely, to a notion of state (military) socialism, divested of all the evils, real or imaginary, which had come to be associated with capitalism in Japan. Slowly and, be it added, with extreme reluctance the militarists have compromised with their original programme. Regretfully they have accepted from among their fellow-countrymen the younger and more aggressive capitalists (Aikawa and his Nissan interests in contrast to the old conservatives such as Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo) as indispensable evils. The material result in so far as Manchukuo is concerned is designed to be an era of investment, industrial growth and capital construction

unprecedented in the history of the Far East.

Contrary to the commonly accepted notion, Japan's economic interest in Manchuria antedates the Chino-Japanese War (1894-5) by at least half a decade. It was not, however, until the close of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905 that she acquired a political foothold in the Kwantung leased area containing Port Arthur and Dairen. From this territorial base and also from the railway zone reaching northward to Changchun (now Hsinking, the capital of Manchukuo) Japanese enterprise set about the task of creating in fact what Tokyo proudly called its sphere of influence in South Manchuria. Taking over from Russia as part of the spoils of war the Chinese Eastern Railway from Changchun to Port Arthur, Japan entrusted the line and its subsidiary enterprises, principally mining and timber concessions, to the newly organized semi-official South Manchuria Railway Company. The success of this extraordinary company is one of the striking chapters in the industrial history of the 20th century. Between 1906 and 1931 the company was primarily responsible for creating the most compact and profitable sphere of influence held by any foreign power in China. In addition to the intense emotional and patriotic ties which characterized the official Japanese view toward Manchuria, the nation had by 1931 cemented the continental connection through Manchurian investments totalling more than Yen 1,700,000,000. The significance of this figure is more obvious if it be recalled that in 1900 the total Japanese investment in all China did not exceed Yen 2,000,000.

The S.M.R., as it was popularly called, did not confine its activities to railroad transportation. It operated coal mines, harbours and warehouses, hotels, libraries, schools and hospitals, electric-light plants and gas-works. It administered the railroad zone where its tracks lay; conducted chemical research laboratories, a geological

research institute, a bureau of economic research and a number of agricultural experimental stations. In its manifold undertakings it was what the business man would call successful: it made money. But it did far more than this. It convinced some Japanese at least that imperialism is profitable. The Russo-Japanese War (1904-5) was fought and won largely, though not exclusively, in the spirit of *samurai* patriotism. Japan regarded it as a defence of north-eastern Asia against Russian domination. Russian political interest in South Manchuria was replaced by Japanese. The resulting Japanese sphere of influence was built on the conventional lines which the great European powers had used in China, but the Japanese went a step further. They claimed in succeeding years a 'special position' (sometimes they called it a 'paramount position') in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia resting not only on specific treaties and agreements with China but also on Japan's geographical proximity to these regions. It was the official Japanese view that this 'special' relation was a 'political' relation, though they never could get anyone else to agree to this view.

In September 1931 this Japanese imperialism clashed openly with China's rising nationalists. Manchukuo, detached from China, recognized and protected by Japan, was the result.

Whatever circumstances may have occasioned the birth of Manchukuo, it has during its brief lifetime been under the paternal guardianship of Japan's Kwantung Army. As a matter of course, therefore, this same army assumed responsibility for the interests which Japan had long enjoyed in Manchuria: patriotism, politics and profits. As to patriotism and politics, the Kwantung Army had not the remotest objection. It had in fact been reared on them. But profits, at least of the private variety, it regarded with utter repugnance. Profits were the stock-in-trade of the liberal capitalists who waxed rich, while Japanese



The royal Mausoleum at Mukden, for centuries the ancestral capital of the Manchu Emperors of China—



—who till the 19th century maintained palaces in the neighbourhood, with hunting-parks for the nobility



The population of Manchukuo is divided into three groups: Nomad Mongols who depend for a livelihood on their flocks—

—White Russians, who in Harbin find it increasingly difficult to compete with Japanese commercial establishments—

farmers whose sons filled the ranks and the posts of junior officers in the army, could not eat the rice they grew. The army might not be able to lift the farmer out of the muck of the paddy field but it would give him the profits of his own toil: namely, allow him to eat his own rice.

Such at least was the general idea of the army philosophers. With Manchukuo in their hands after 1931, they proposed to put the idea into effect. So it was that the new state was launched on a programme of semi-socialistic control under army guidance. Private capitalists, even Japanese, were not wanted, and they were told so in no uncertain terms. Manchukuo was to be the ideal state fostered by samurai patriotism, but in addition (and here is where more politics crept in) it was to be moulded as a buffer against the inevitable day of reckoning with Communistic Russia. Thus from its inception

the Manchukuo government adopted a policy of rigidly enforced economic control, repudiating any idea of the free unrestricted operation of private capital. Put in other words this meant that all industries having a direct bearing on national defence (coal, iron, steel, oil, transportation, etc.) were to be under state management or controlled by special companies sanctioned by the state. This policy was pursued meticulously from 1932 until October 1937. In the main it was a failure. It was suggested that this was because capital finds it difficult to be patriotic where profits are under too great restraint.

It is not to be inferred, however, that Manchukuo during these years had stalled in anything like a financial morass. Japanese capital to a total of Yen 1,165,716,000 was poured into Manchukuo between 1932 and 1936. Most of this sum was accounted for by the South Manchuria Rail-



—Chinese and Manchus, for whose children 'State Foundation' exercises have been inaugurated as part of the official propaganda to popularize the New State with the young

way and bonds of the Hsinking government. In fields apart from these enterprises investment was slow. Japanese financiers were more inclined, by further purchases, to maintain the value of government bonds at home, than to trust the uncertainties of a semi-socialistic Manchuria. Of foreign capital naturally there was none. In its path there were political as well as economic obstacles.

Nevertheless, on the surface Manchukuo's industrial progress was impressive from the beginning. Between 1932 and 1936 some 3000 kilometres of new railway lines were constructed by the S.M.R. for the Manchukuo government and opened to traffic. All these lines possessed strategic as well as economic value. In the south-west a line was pushed into Jehol province as far west as the capital, Chengte (later carried on to Peiping). Northward and west of Taonan the Solun line was carried close to the decidedly elusive Manchukuo-Mongolian border. In the far north, Koshan and Hailun were connected with Heiho (Aigun) on the Amur opposite the old Russian town of Blagovestchensk.

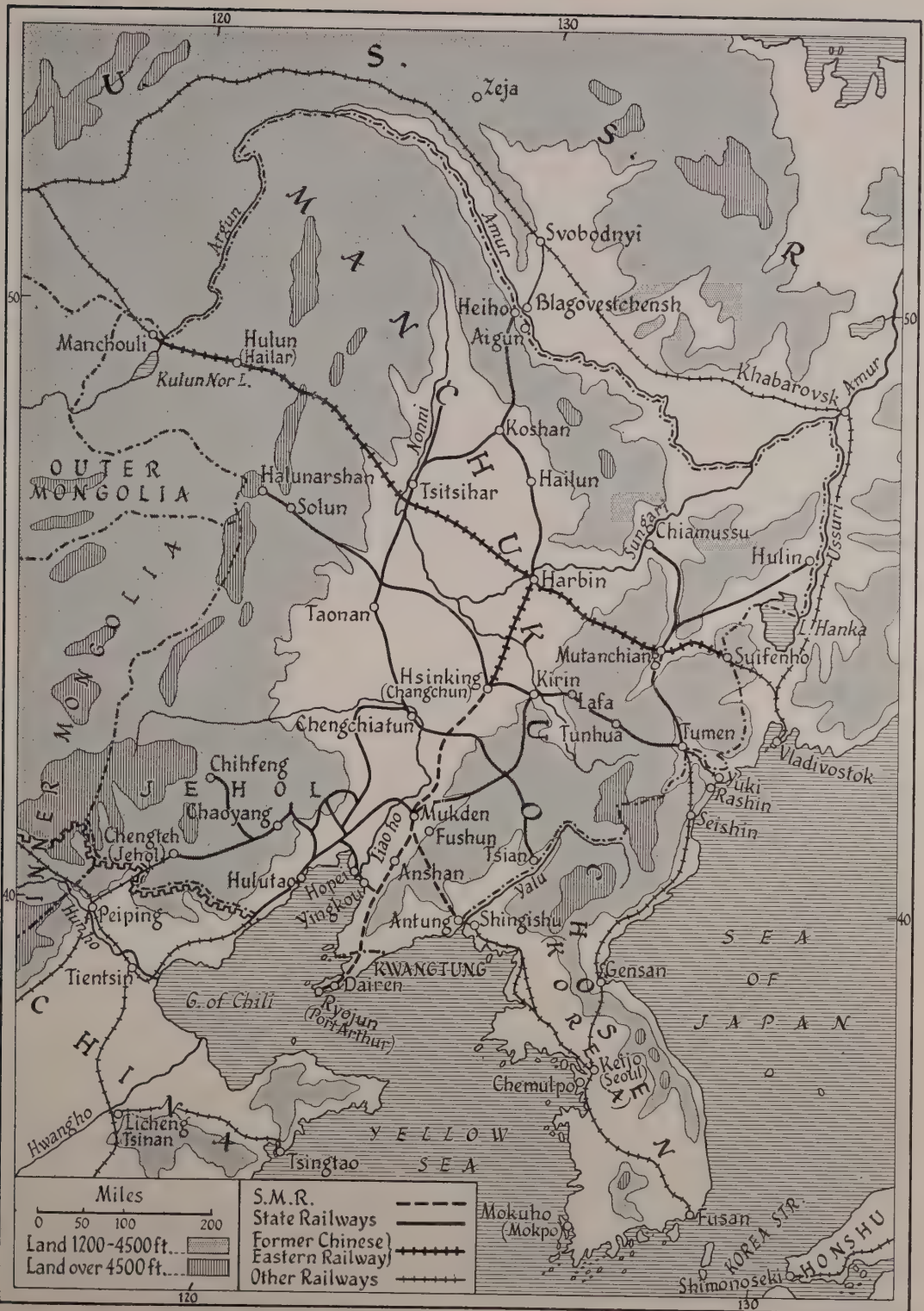
The most significant re-shaping of Manchuria's transportation system took place in the east. By completion of the Harbin-Lafa and Tunhua-Tumen lines, central Manchuria was given direct rail access to the new north Korean ports of Seishin, Rashin and Yuki. From Tumen also a line was pushed northward across the old Chinese Eastern Railway near Mutanchiang and on to the Ussuri River at Hulin on the Soviet border, while a branch was being constructed into the lower valley of the Sungari, designed to terminate at Chiamussu, one of the centres of Japanese immigration to Manchukuo.

Meanwhile in 1933 the government of Manchukuo had entrusted management of all former Chinese railways in Manchuria to the S.M.R. Two years later, after protracted negotiations, Manchukuo purchased the Russian interest in the historic Chinese Eastern Railway. Its man-

agement was likewise entrusted to the S.M.R., the old Russian gauge of 5 feet being altered to the standard gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. Coincident with these railway developments, enlarged harbour facilities were under construction at Rashin in northern Korea and at Hulutao in south-western Manchuria.

City construction kept pace with the expansion of the railroads. Changchun, the dismal junction of the Japanese-owned S.M.R. and the former Russian-owned Chinese Eastern, was (certainly for no aesthetic reason) selected to be the capital of the new state, under the more agreeable name of Hsinking. Here the government of Manchukuo, spurred by the energy of its Japanese advisers, set about to transform a city of mud walls into a model capital. In so far as material things are concerned these city builders have enjoyed a phenomenal success, perhaps far beyond their own expectations. Hsinking has everything that modern cities are supposed to have: wide paved avenues—miles of them—and some that are neither wide nor paved; massive government buildings, some of which rival the best in Western capitals; public parks without end; residential quarters which might be described as exclusive and others which may not be so described; banks, office buildings, theatres and a stadium. Its population, now slightly more than 300,000, has doubled since 1932. Yes, Hsinking has everything that makes a great capital—everything except the intangibles. Buildings and boulevards alone never created a London, a Paris, a Rome, a Peking or a Tokyo. It must be left to some future historian to tell whether a capital can be made to order.

Perhaps the most important individual among Hsinking's 300,000 is a middle-aged bachelor, calm, dignified and friendly, the personification of the samurai spirit. General Kenkichi Uyeda is concurrently commander of the Kwantung Army and Japan's ambassador to Manchukuo. He speaks earnestly and almost convincingly





The Manchukuo government has entrusted all former Chinese railways to the S.M.R. which has big reconstruction plans. A new line being built in the west, between Inner and Outer Mongolia



One of the many smooth-running, streamlined luxury trains now in use on the S.M.R. main lines



Cities, too, are being modernized. At Hsinking, the paving of roads preceded house-building in order that the horrors of Manchurian dust in summer and mud in winter might be minimized



Japanese designs to make of Hsinking a great capital city include a middle-class residential quarter



of the political, the economic and the industrial harmony between Japan and the new state. The five races (Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Koreans and Japanese) who inhabit Manchuria will be fused. Will this economic and political union result also in a social fusion, with inter-marriage between the Japanese and their continental cousins? If General Uyeda found the question embarrassing, his expression did not betray it. For him, social and spiritual union among the five races of Manchukuo is guaranteed by a common, if indeed remote, racial and linguistic origin.

General Uyeda's reflections on the spiritual and cultural marriage of Japan and Manchukuo are at best somewhat vaporous. Not so those of Yosuke Matsuo, who, as its president, has guided the fortunes of the South Manchuria Railway since 1935. In his office in Dairen, overlooking what he regards as the greatest port in the Far East, he speaks eloquently (in the English he learned at the University of Oregon) of Japan's future investment in Manchukuo: an investment in man-power as well as money.

"We are going to put a million Japanese farming families on Manchukuo soil in the next twenty years."

The plan is already well advanced, and whether it will succeed or not, a great many Japanese believe it will. Its advocates want to decrease the farm population of Japan by at least 25 per cent. Beginning in the northern poverty-stricken areas of Honshiu, they have already sent 7000 young farmers, 15 to 17 years of age, to Manchukuo. In 1939, 35,000 more will follow. At first these young immigrants will work as farm hands. At the age of 24 they will be married to Japanese brides and given from 15 to 20 acres of land.

Four pictures of Hsinking which show how quickly a city of mud walls was turned into a modern capital: (1) the Home Office in 1933 and (2) in 1938; (3) the Metropolitan Police building in 1933 and (4) in 1936



Japan intends to settle a million Japanese farming families on the land in Manchukuo. In the lower Valley of the Sungari River families are already at work in hitherto uncultivated areas





Among Manchukuo heavy industries developed to aid Japan against China are the Schowa steel-works

These men, Matsuoka believes, will succeed, just as, he observes, it was the young Japanese who succeeded in California.

The bulk of this Japanese immigration is being headed for sparsely settled north-eastern Manchuria in the lower valley of the Sungari River. There, in settlements predominantly Japanese, Matsuoka asserts that the newcomers will develop agricultural products, mainly wheat and potatoes, in competition neither with their Chinese neighbours nor with their Japanese brothers at home. To the comment that such emigration schemes are prohibitively costly, Matsuoka replies: "We have to do it regardless of cost. We must find an outlet for the 150,000 young graduates of our primary schools who annually are moving aimlessly to the cities. With that sort of social problem you can't count the cost."

All this of course is quite true. Japan does need to relieve the pressure at home.

She needs likewise to strengthen her social and cultural ties with Manchukuo if it is to be the kind of place Japan wants it to be. She needs an immigrant backing there for her huge financial investment. But she needs more than this. She needs settlements that will produce potential Japanese soldiers. In the military view Japan and Manchukuo are one.

By the summer of 1937 it seemed that Manchukuo was enjoying unprecedented prosperity. There was to be sure a dark side to the picture, for revenue seemed to lag somewhat behind expenditure. However, this was a common condition among governments and thus was not permitted to occasion too much worry. It was much pleasanter to dwell on the bright side of things. The expanding policy of government monopolies was bringing in a handsome revenue: a total of Manchurian Yuan 44,366,000 in 1937, derived from opium, petroleum, salt and matches. The rail-

roads were expanding; building in the principal industrial cities such as Dairen, Mukden and Harbin was outstripping the labour supply, while despite the unfavourable world market the economic status of the Manchurian farmer had improved at least slightly. Notwithstanding all this, the Kwantung Army had failed in one phase of its Manchurian policy. Manchurian heavy industry was not prepared to meet the demands of the China war.

The outbreak in July 1937 of the undeclared war in China revolutionized the entire programme of Japanese investment in Manchuria. Within four months of the so-called incident at the Marco Polo Bridge outside Peking, the Manchukuo government announced that the capitalists were not such bad fellows after all; in fact that it proposed to go into partnership with them, giving full recognition to the principle of employing private capital for

the industrial development of Manchukuo, in particular the heavy industries. This work was, before the close of 1937, entrusted to the semi-governmental Manchuria Industrial Development Corporation, a gigantic new holding company capitalized at M.Y. 450 million subscribed equally by the Manchukuo government and the Japan Industrial Corporation, itself a major Japanese holding company popularly known as 'Nissan'. This latter was headed by the most aggressive of Japan's younger capitalists, Yoshisuke Aikawa. All this meant that Aikawa with his 57,000 Japanese stockholders, supported by the Japanese and Manchukuo governments, had moved his company to Hsinking and had undertaken to develop the heavy industry of Manchuria: iron and steel, light metals, motor vehicles, aircraft and mining. Of great significance was the announcement that M.I.D.C., for the



City markets run by Chinese merchants still flourish, but the bulk of the goods are Japanese



Chief among raw materials which Japan looks to Manchukuo to supply is wool. Elimination of sheep diseases, and importation of western breeds are gradually increasing the flocks in Western Manchuria

first ten years of its operation, is guaranteed by the Manchukuo government not only a 6 per cent return but also the principal of all funds invested.

Although this revolutionary shift in Manchukuo's policy toward capitalistic investment was precipitated by the outbreak of war in China, its origins may be traced to the economic policies of the Japanese government adopted by the Hayashi Cabinet in March 1937. General Hayashi stressed the 'special characteristics' of Japanese capitalism, the development of heavy industry in Manchukuo, the avoidance of industrial conflict between Japan and Manchukuo, the steady shifting of Japanese industries toward planned economy, and co-operation between the Japanese military and the capitalists. This policy was followed in the main by the Konoe cabinet, which was confronted with the war in China and the

imperative demand for more rapid expansion of heavy industry not only in Japan but likewise in Manchuria.

In Manchukuo the change in policy had been foreshadowed as early as May 1937, when the government took steps to encourage private Japanese investors by placing legal limits to the economic control which it had exercised arbitrarily over important industries. There, as in Japan, it was the China war which forced the full compromise with capitalistic economy.

What are M.I.D.C.'s chances for success? Mr Aikawa speaks on this subject with some assurance, for his 57,000 shareholders have given him unqualified support. He described his corporation to the writer as "an industrial giant for the prosecution of national policies": the policies of Manchukuo, these being in turn the policies of Japan. They involve the rapid large-scale development of Manchukuo's

heavy industry on a co-ordinated plan subject to the principle of the Japan-Manchukuo economic block. Mr Aikawa makes no secret of his opinion that for this work "the old-established plutocrats" as he calls them (Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo and the South Manchuria Railway) are ill suited. He delights to contrast bureaucratic big business with Nissan (now M.I.D.C.) "whose stock is held by the masses"; to speak of "planned economy of the Russian pattern" in which "everything must be done according to a predetermined programme".

All this talk of 'the masses' and 'planned economy' might lead one to suspect that Mr Aikawa, the Kwantung Army and Manchukuo were taking a leaf out of the Communist note-book. But one ought not to suspect any such thing in view of all that has been said by the Kwantung Army about Communism. Anyhow there is Manchukuo's guarantee

that funds invested will earn 6 per cent, and that is hardly Communism. What is more, Mr Aikawa is not sure that his own 'masses' can produce enough capital quickly enough. Therefore he asserts that there is an open door for foreign capital in Manchukuo's heavy industry.

One should hasten to add, however, that strange things have happened to the open door since it was first talked about back in 1898. Probably neither John Hay nor the framers of the Nine-Power Treaty would recognize, at least at first sight, Mr Aikawa's open door. But since almost everybody has his own idea on this bedraggled doctrine there is no reason why Mr Aikawa should be denied his.

The regulations of the Manchuria Industrial Development Corporation provide for the participation of foreign capital in the form of shares without voting rights or in the form of debenture bonds. In the case of its subsidiary enterprises, foreign capital



Another raw material for export: timber, on the Yalow River. Vast forest areas are still unexploited



The port of Dairen which handles the greater part of Manchukuo's foreign trade. It is carried almost exclusively in Japanese bottoms, because Japan is the first and largest customer, China comes second

Soya beans ready for export. Japan, again, takes the bulk and uses them as fertilizers. But Germany also takes a great quantity, both of beans and so-called bean products

is free to participate to the extent of not more than 49 per cent of the total stock or of the debentures.

It is sometimes charged that these provisions deprive foreign investors of an opportunity to manage the business. The explanation lies in the basic nature of the Manchuria Development Corporation.

Since the Company's power is directly concerned with the policy of the State, it would be hardly desirable to leave decisions open to other nationals. Therefore, the shares with the right of voting had to be made inaccessible to foreign investors.

On the other hand, the Company's subsidiary organizations occupy quite a different position. These enterprises in the operation of their business stand in need of whatever direction may be obtainable from higher technical and managerial abilities from foreign countries, and therefore they invite the participation of third nationals. But since the subsidiary organizations must absolutely obey the control of their mother company and since they are to operate in line with national policies, less than 50 per cent of the stock is made open to the participation of third nationals.

This is the new 'open door' which Mr Aikawa, the Hsinking government and the Kwantung Army are offering in Manchuria. And that proposes a very nice question. Will British and American capitalists find the 'door' attractive? And if they do, will their governments agree with them? So far there is little indication that they will. Neither Great Britain nor the United States have shown any haste to advance the national policies of Japan and Manchukuo through capital contributions. Japan would like them to look upon the question as a purely economic one: the reconstruction of Eastern Asia. The Western democracies know on

the contrary that the question is political, involving the whole future of their interests in the Far East. For the moment at least action speaks louder than words. While the democracies are talking about the open door and the Nine-Power Treaty, Japan proceeds with the conquest of China and puts more yen to work in Manchukuo. Japanese investment in Manchuria during 1937 totalled Yen 341,000,000, bringing her total investment since 1932 to over Yen 1,500,000,000.

Will Japan succeed, first in Manchukuo and then in China? The question is on the tongue of every Westerner one meets in the Far East today. Has not Japanese finance already reached the breaking point? Will not the Japanese find themselves just where the British are in India? Will not Manchurian industry react on Japan as the cotton mills of Bombay have upon Manchester? Will not future Manchurian governments, largely Chinese in personnel, erect tariff walls against Japan, as India has against Great Britain? Will not the Chinese be the ultimate beneficiaries of every yen that enters Manchukuo? Are not the Japanese racing to the same disillusionment that faces British imperialists?

The implications behind these questions may or may not be justified. But wishful thinking is poor logic unless by chance it happens to coincide with realities; and in the Far East during the past two decades it most decidedly has not. Perhaps the Japanese too have been doing some wishful thinking. At any rate the balance sheet of their Manchurian policy is still one-sided. As only the Japanese can, they have invested their products, their politics and their patriotism. It remains a question whether the profits will follow.

Of Gardens

Francis Bacon, born 1561 died 1626, was the forerunner of the men who created the English formal garden. His essay on Gardens, from which the following extracts are taken, reflects the sympathetic and idealistic views which men of culture in his day adopted towards the making of a garden: views which helped to create the atmosphere in which perfect expression of the gardener's art could, and did, flourish

God Almighty first Planted a Garden. And indeed, it is the Purest of Humane pleasure. It is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man; Without which Buildings and Pallaces are but Grosse Handy-works: And a Man shall ever see, that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancie, Men come to Build Stately, sooner then to Garden Finely: As if Gardening were the Greater Perfection.



For Gardens . . . the Contents, ought not well to be under Thirty Acres of Ground; And to be divided into three Parts: A Greene in the Entrance; A Heath or Desart in the Going forth; And the (Maine) Garden in the midst; Besides Alleys, on both Sides . . . The Greene hath two pleasures, The one, because nothing is more Pleasant to the Eye, then Greene Grasse kept finely shorne; The other, because it will give you a faire Alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a Stately Hedge, which is to inclose the Garden. But, because the Alley will be long, and in great Heat of the Yeare, or Day, you ought not to buy the shade, in the Garden, by Going in the Sunne thorow the Greene, therefore you are, of either Side the Greene, to Plant a Covert Alley, upon Carpenters Worke, about Twelve Foot in Height, by which you may goe in Shade, into the Garden . . . The Garden is best to be Square; Incompassed, on all the Foure Sides, with a Stately Arched Hedge.

For the Ordering of the Ground, within the Great Hedge, I leave it to Variety of Device; Advising nevertheless, that whatsoever forme you cast it into, first it be not too Busie, or full of Worke. Wherein I, for my part, doe not like Images Cut out in Juniper, or other Garden stuffe: They be for Children. Little low Hedges, Round, like Welts, with some Pretty Pyramides, I like well: And in some Places, Faire Columnes upon Frames of Carpenters Worke. I would also, have the Alleys, Spacious and Faire.

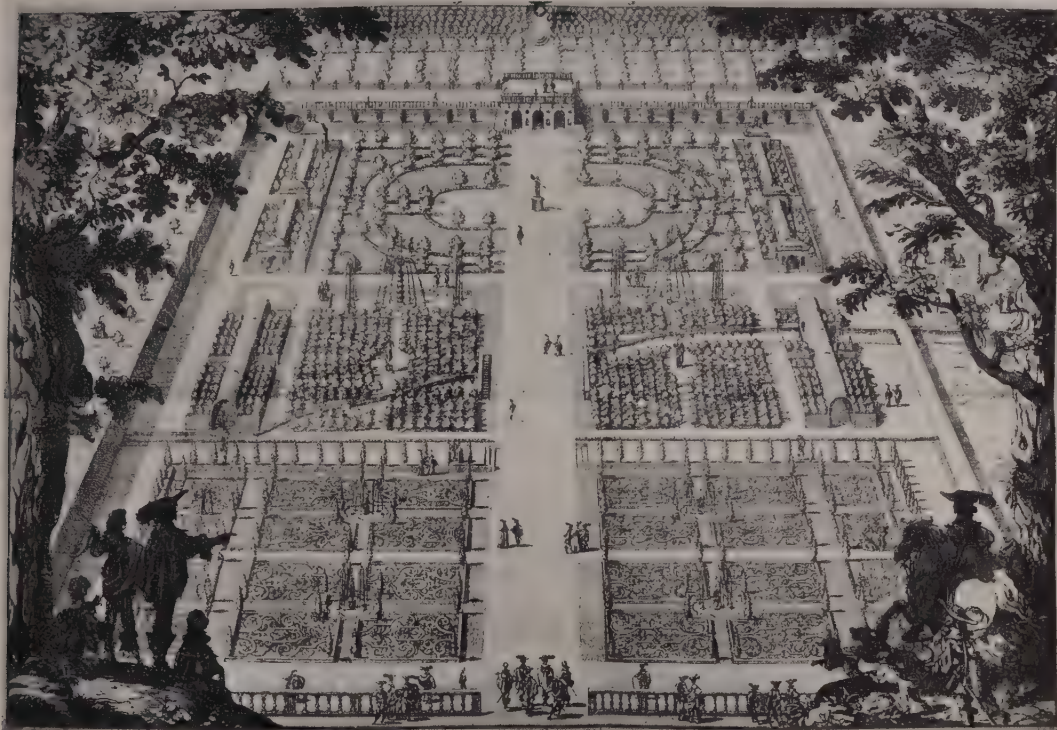


For Fountaines, they are a great Beauty, and Refreshment; But Pooles marre all, and make the Garden unwholesome, and full of Flies.

For the Side Grounds, you are to fill them with Varietie of Alleys, Private, to give a full Shade . . . You are to frame some of them likewise for Shelter, that when the Wind blows Sharpe, you may walke, as in a Gallery . . . And these Closer Alleys, must bee ever finely Gravelled, and no Grasse, because of Going wet.

The 17th-Century English Garden

by Dorothy Stroud



The chief characteristic of the 17th-century garden can be summed up in the word 'symmetry', for whether the area it covered was great or small, its walks and terraces, tunnels of pleached limes, clipped yew avenues and rectangular parterres were set out with the same geometrical precision. A typical example of this passion for formality is de Caux's design for the old garden at Wilton reproduced above, with its miniature thickets and knot gardens divided and sub-divided by trim gravel paths, and set with clipped trees in stiff rows and stately fountains. The raised terrace seen in the background 'for the more advantage of beholding those platts', was another favourite garden feature of the period.

In the early part of the century gardens were usually protected by walls or high hedges of quicks, but gradually the desire to extend the views, and the

walks themselves, into the surrounding country became manifest. Hedges were pierced by *clair-voyées*, while alleys and avenues, instead of terminating in garden houses or statues, framed vistas of the country beyond or penetrated into the adjoining park. Pleasure gardens received little attention during the Commonwealth, but after the Restoration designs became increasingly elaborate, particularly under the French influence which spread to England with the return of Charles II. Vast expanses of ground were laid out in formal parterres embellished with statuary, groves, alcoves, canals and cascades in the style in which the famous *Le Nôtre* had designed the gardens of Versailles for his Royal master, Louis XIV. Towards the close of the century, with the accession of William of Orange, the French gave place to the Dutch influence, with its fondness for enclosed courts and fantastically clipped trees.



'Conceits' of clipped yew in the gardens at Levens have remained almost unaltered since the latter part of the 17th century, when they were designed by M. Beaumont, gardener to James II, who appears to have been connected with the layout of the gardens at Hampton Court. (Below) The parterre at Lyme Park, though not contemporary, is a fine reconstruction of the elaborate designs then in vogue





Few gardens of this period were without a bowling green. Above is the old bowling alley at Wrest Park, running below the terrace walk. (Below) The mellow brick terrace and gazebo at Packwood, one of the most perfect examples of a 17th-century garden. A fine wrought-iron gate pierces the wall, in the lower portion of which there are recesses originally designed for the accommodation of beehives





(Above) Powis Castle: the orangery and third terrace. Traditionally built for William Nassau-Zuytlestein, Earl of Rochford and cousin of William III at the end of the 17th century, when Holland was influencing garden design



(Left) Water gardens never attained the same popularity in England as did the vast and elaborate constructions of Le Nôtre in France, but of those which were laid out, the canals at Westbury Court are delightful examples. This illustration shows the long canal, flowing between twin hedges of clipped yew

The Maoris

by L. S. ELIOTT

As long ago as A.D. 950 Kupe the discoverer sailed southwards from Tahiti, and after long voyaging and many adventures reached the 'land of the long, white cloud' as he called New Zealand. He sailed between the north and south islands, declaring the land to be good, but none the less returning to his own island of Tahiti, where he passed the rest of his days without further visits to the islands which he had discovered.

But his voyage to the land of the long white cloud was not without result. He bequeathed his sailing directions to his descendants. Two hundred years later one of these, Whatonga by name, when still but a youth, won a canoe race, and dazed with excitement sailed out of the lagoon into the open sea and was lost in a mist that fell at evening time.

His grandfather, Toi, set out to search for him. He missed Whatonga, who found his way back to Tahiti, but possessed of Kupe's sailing directions pressed on till he reached the Chatham Islands and then the Bay of Plenty. Here he founded the Toi tribe which still lives in that district. Whatonga finally joined his grandfather, and seems to have spent the remainder of his life living near the Bay of Plenty. Toi had brought no food-plants for cultivation, so he and his tribe were named the wood-eaters, because they lived on what they could obtain from the forests, one staple article of food being the rhizome of bracken.

Two hundred years after Toi's settlement in New Zealand a great event took place. About 1350 a number of canoes, known as the Fleet, made their way from Tahiti to the fertile land of which rumours had reached them. The most important canoes were Tanui, Arawa, Matatua, Kurahaupo, Aotea, Takitimu and Horouta, but there were undoubtedly more than seven canoes in this migration, and probably a number of subsequent migrations as well.

These seven canoes reached land at widely different points on the coast, the crews settling near their landing-places and founding tribes which still bear the canoe names. The places where the canoes found anchorage are shown to visitors with pride, and are kept *tapu* or sacred.

Up a deep, wooded inlet on the west coast, near the present village of Kawhia, Tanui made its way and moored to a mighty pohutukawa tree. This tree to which tradition says the canoe was tied can still be seen. At Christmas-time it is brilliant with scarlet flowers.

The Maoris round Auckland and about half-way down the west coast of the island are Tanui people. The Maoris of Rotorua trace descent to the crew of the Arawa. Some canoes have given rise to more than one tribe: sub-tribes have divided off and grown in numbers and importance. The position now is that a distinct Polynesian people are spread over the whole of the north island, organized into tribes

which are definitely linked to the canoes which brought their ancestors to New Zealand six centuries or more ago.

The Maori population was probably much greater at one time than it is now. In 1937 there were 84,474 Maoris, including half-castes, but not those of further dilution of blood. Their increase in the last ten years has been 18,656. This is a higher percentage increase than that of the white population, who in 1937 numbered 1,502,737.

There are comparatively few Maoris in the South Island. Migration from Tahiti appears to have been entirely to the North Island. This was to be expected, both because the South Island is further away, and because its climate would be too cold for a people accustomed to the tropics.

The canoes in which the Polynesians sailed from Tahiti to the land of the long white cloud were dug-outs about 80 feet long, with forward leaping figures on the prows. The carving on them was elaborate and delicate. A war-canoë in action must have been a thrilling sight with its fifty flashing paddles, dipping in response to the chant of the canoe-song sung by the steersman:

Behold my paddle!
It is laid by the canoe's side,
Held close to the canoe's side.
Now it is raised on high—the paddle!
Poised for the plunge—the paddle!
Now we spring forward!
Now it leaps and flashes—the paddle!
It quivers like a bird's wing,
This paddle of mine.

Ha! The outward lift and the dashing,
The quick thrust and the backward sweep!
The swishing, the swirling eddies,
The boiling white wake,
And the spray that flies from my paddle!

(*The Coming of the Maori*, by Te Ranga Hiroa.)

Such songs the poets made for their warriors to sing.

Maoris in the district where the Tanui moored still make dugout canoes. It was an honour to be invited to the launching of a canoe. The Pakehas (strangers) were asked not to touch the canoe till it was released from tapu. It had been made from one tree, the hollowing out having been done in the forest, partly by burning. Before the tree was felled the forest-god had been prayed to release it for a canoe. The ceremony began by laying a fern-frond on the tree-stump as a thank-offering for the 50-foot trunk. Next the goddess of the earth was begged to allow the canoe to move from its birthplace. Then songs and prayers were offered to the sky-gods and the river-gods

asking that they would attend the canoe with good fortune. The Maoris in their festal robes, standing bare-headed in the shadow-shafted sunshine, their mellow voices rising in songs of entreaty and thanksgiving were impressive in their simple trust. After the songs and prayers were ended all present were invited to help in the launching by giving their strength to moving the canoe. As she glided into the river there were shouts of joy. 'Again! again!' they cried, meaning that once more a canoe launching had been performed in every detail according to the rites of their forefathers of Tahiti, and once again the gods of earth and sky had propitiated their efforts, and the god of the river had received the canoe, the honest work of their hands, upon his bosom.

THE FIRST NEW ZEALANDERS

The more often one sees the Maoris, the more one is impressed with their careful retention of ancient rites and customs, not simply as historical observances that are dear to them, but as expressions of their present attitude to work, life, Nature and the gods.

The name 'Maori' means native. When the Tahitians reached New Zealand they found a certain number of black men living there, of the same race as the black men of Australia. They called these blacks Maoris, or natives, rather scornfully. The blacks were a weak people who soon succumbed in battle or were made to work as slaves. The visitors from Tahiti probably intermarried with them to but a small extent. A hundred years ago it is said that a few of these black men still survived, and were living in tree-dwellings on the densely forested slopes of Taranaki (Mount Egmont). The name Maori appears to have been adopted at a later date by the Polynesians themselves, and some say that its use shows that they considered themselves the first inhabitants of New Zealand, and that the black men are a myth.

Pure-blooded Maoris of today are a handsome people, though there are several quite distinct types, some better-looking than others. Probably the ancestors of some of the Maoris in New Zealand now came from islands near to Tahiti. There is a group of rather dark, broad-featured people among them suggesting a negroid or Melanesian element in their ancestry. It is thought, too, that at least one Chinese Junk of immigrants reached New Zealand. The intermarriage of these people with the Polynesians accounts for a flat-faced, yellow-complexioned type.

Maoris are brown-skinned, with large dark eyes, arched brows, finely chiselled features, pearl-white teeth and a wealth of fine black hair, which the women wear hanging loose down their backs. It used to be regarded as a sacred rite for all women to have the chin tattooed by the priest. Now one sees this disfigurement on the middle-aged

and elderly, but apparently the girls and young women have realized how ugly it is.

The Maori men and women are strong and healthy as long as they follow their old way of life, eating yams, taro, fish and other foods to which they are accustomed. When they begin to live indoors, give up their daily swimming and out-door exercises and take to eating meat (particularly bully beef and tinned meats) and white bread, jam and pickles, and to drinking spirits, they quickly become ill, being especially susceptible to tuberculosis. The medical authorities have done much to help the Maoris to return to the life that is natural to them, and the obtaining of spirits has been made very difficult.

The language of the Maoris is very interesting to linguists, for it shows affinities to both European and Asiatic languages, and particularly to Sanskrit. They had no written language till the missionaries in the middle of last century constructed one for them.

The majority of the Maoris still live in small villages or settlements with a fortified hill or area near at hand which is called the Pa. One of the best-known villages is Whakarewarewa, two miles from Rotorua, New Zealand's most fashionable and famous spa. This village, set in a highly thermal area where the crust of the earth is thin, can hardly be seen even from a short distance away, for its houses are built among manuka scrub from which clouds of steam rise continually. Round an open space stand the low, one-storied houses. The gabled roof at the front end has a deep overhang, and all its timbers are painted red and elaborately carved.

'CONSTANT HOT WATER'

One sees dark-skinned children with lovely eyes playing in the steaming square, running round a 20-foot cauldron of boiling water which occupies the centre, and from which streams of boiling water flow. Tiptoeing carefully over the hot, white silica to the cauldron's edge, one can look into its bottomless depths. The water is a lovely blue, and large turquoise coloured bubbles rise ceaselessly like shining chains of glass.

Bags of potatoes, baskets of fish, and chickens are hung in this cauldron to cook. On feast days thirty or forty chickens may be seen cooking in this manner. Several communal stoves have been constructed in the square. A stove is made over a vent in the ground from which superheated steam is issuing. Some housewives have private stoves: others prefer the sociability of cooking in the village square. A stove is made either of wood or of concrete blocks. The casing is placed over the vent and a grid constructed within on which the food to be cooked can be placed. A piece of sacking is then thrown over the whole and the food left to cook without further attention.

Though the whole of the village is permeated by the smell of sulphur,

the food cooked in the water or steam has no unpleasant smell or taste. The only use to which the water cannot be put is to make tea, but an ice-cold stream of pure water runs nearby. Kettles are filled from this and then placed in a hot stream to boil.

In a cauldron at the far end of the square the women do the family wash, the hot water continually changing itself, and the suds being carried away by the overflow.

The Maori men and women are very much at home in the thermal areas. They appear to choose such districts in preference. The signs of the earth's instability—geysers, mud-volcanoes, blow-holes and steaming vents in the ground—cause no fear to them.

"I should not feel at home without the geysers," a Maori woman told me. "Nature is very good to us. She heats our homes, cooks our food, gives us health-bringing baths, provides lip-stick, face-powder, antiphlogistin and pumice for us. We go to the pictures: we come back and in fifteen minutes Nature has cooked sausages and made tea for us. She provides us with our dresses as well."

MAORIS ARE SKILLED DRESSMAKERS

The Maori women and girls make their dresses entirely themselves, picking, preparing and dyeing the flax. The dress consists of a fringed skirt and a plaited bodice. The arrangement of the colours of the fringed skirt to form a pattern is skilled work. Two stout sticks are set up, preferably out-of-doors, and between these the skirt is hung, the worker squatting on the ground. A woman makes a cloak for herself also. These are varied in pattern, some being woven from flax and decorated with threads or tufts of red and black: and others fashioned from skins and ornamented with elaborately woven bands. The original colours used in all decoration were scarlet, black and ochre, the dyes being obtained from certain volcanic deposits. The green-stone ornaments worn as pendants by both men and women are very precious. They represent a human being, rather strangely contorted. Their significance is symbolic.

Much of the weaving, both of dresses and of bands for the head and waist is done without a loom, a start being made by holding the threads with the fingers. Quite young girls are expert at the art of finger-weaving. The same principle is applied to the making of baskets.

The men have always been and still are skilled carvers, though fewer now follow this craft. They are also very clever workers in ivory, whale-bone, green-stone and jade. The ancient meeting houses which served as communal dwelling places and social halls are very richly carved. At Te Kuiti a Meeting House is kept in good preservation so that visitors may view the carvings. They are quaint and crude to ugliness, though the colour is pleasing. The walls are covered inside with woven tapestries or straw plait, depicting events and legends in

Maori history. A special interest attaches to the Te Kuiti Meeting House, as it now serves as a hostel for sheep-shearers, and some houses near it as a home for elderly people. The Maoris are very clever shearers and are in demand all over the country at shearing time, on stations where electric shearing is not available.

SUMMER EVENING SONGS AND DANCES

Now, as in days of old, almost every summer evening the villagers betake themselves to the Meeting House, which is generally in the Pa. Inside the double palisade of the Pa the priest's house and that of the chief are placed as well as the Meeting House. On a grassy platform the men, women and children meet. The priest and the chief tell the young people the legends and history of their famous forefathers, and implant in their minds the ideals of the tribe. Here they sing together and dance. The girls are very good at ball games which they accompany with song. They make the balls themselves from flax or bark, and become so skilful in their manipulation that the balls can hardly be seen so swift is the rhythm.

The Maori dances performed by both men and women are always accompanied by songs or by shouting, and by movements of almost every part of the body in the expression of the ideas which they unfold. Everyone dances. Dance and song take a large part in Maori village life.

Work-songs are many. When women wash the clothes they sing an ancient song: when girls weave their dresses they sing the weaving song of the South Sea Islands. There are songs for carvers, songs for fishermen and builders, songs for those who sow the maize and for those who weed.

When the Maoris first came to New Zealand they followed a communal mode of life, thus lightening the burden of everyday tasks. The men of the community felled trees, carved, fished, fowled and broke up the ground. The women weeded, collected shell-fish, plaited mats, wove garments and cooked the daily meals which were taken in common. In each industry there were specialists, called 'tohunga', who had been given a course of training. This course included knowledge of the magic rites connected with the craft and the ceremonies which must be performed to bring success, before beginning any piece of work. They too decided which work-songs were appropriate to the task.

Life is still lived communally to a certain extent. Social activities, feasts and all connected with ancient customs and with the Pa are communal. Separate houses are now occupied by families, but not just by father, mother and children. Grandparents, aunts and uncles and any near relatives who have not a home of their own are welcomed. Social life in the villages is well developed. At least once a month

there is a feast day or, it may be, a feast of several days' duration. Visitors will attend from the neighbouring tribes, or even from long distances away. There will be competitions in riding, dart-throwing, wrestling, top-spinning and posture-dancing. Nor will the boys and girls be left out. They will have their own competitions, kite-flying and cat's cradle among them.

Maoris do not like to be alone, or even only two or three together. In summer time many sleep actually in the Meeting Houses or in the open air nearby. This reluctance to be alone is directly connected with their belief regarding man and his destiny. They hold that man is endowed with three spiritual *potentiae*—the *wairua*, the spirit which wanders abroad in dreams, the *mauri* and the *hau* which are the life principles of the man, the vitality of his person. At death the *mauri* and *hau* are dissolved while the *wairua* wends its way to Te Po, the underworld beneath the sea, a peaceful abode, where men pursue their accustomed avocations.

SOME MAORI BELIEFS

The belief in the *wairua* or spirit which wanders in dreams creates for the Maoris numberless ghosts. Any man's dream spirit may be wandering near, and may take phantom shape, and appear in terrifying guise. But they also believe with conviction that ghosts do not like numbers and will not show themselves where there are a dozen people or more.

Though the modern Maoris are very intelligent, many are still unable to free themselves from the fear of ghosts and of the spirit of evil or black magic. Another fear which both helps and hinders the Maoris is that of *tapu* or taboo. *Tapu* decrees that the chief and all connected with him is sacred: death, birth and the gods are *tapu*. Certain places are *tapu* or can be made so. Sometimes a thing may become *tapu* by accident. The shadow of the priest or chief may fall upon it. Then only a chief or priest can release it and make it *noa* or common again. The sincere belief in *tapu* and its wise exercise by the chief and priest has had a great influence on the development of the Maoris during the six hundred years during which they have been in New Zealand. *Tapu* took the place of law for the first five hundred years of their time in New Zealand, and has tended to train a young people towards civilization.

Though the Maoris in past years were fine warriors who spent much time in fighting, they have always been a contemplative people with interesting and beautiful ideas. They are impressed with man's inscrutability. 'We can thoroughly search every corner of the house,' says one of their proverbs, 'but those of our heart we cannot.' 'The spider is not seen in his web, so the real intentions of man are concealed in the recesses of his heart.' They have several ancient proverbs which praise generosity. Here is one of them. 'Don't divide the crayfish:

give it whole.' Or again, 'Never try to get back what you have given'. Laments, love songs, nursery lullabies and ditties, work-songs and songs telling of the feats of the great men of old all show deep poetic feeling.

The Maoris place much importance on names. An individual may have several, each indicating some characteristic or some achievement. All places are given appropriate names, so are horses, cows and pigs. They are all different in character, so the Maoris say, therefore they must be suitably named.

HEALTHIER AND HAPPIER NOW

At the present time the rights of the Maoris are carefully respected by the white population, and the relation between the races is friendly and harmonious. This has not always been so. The first reaction of the Maoris to the impact of European civilization was to seize upon it gladly, but when they found that the Pakehas threatened to take away their land which they valued above everything, they became hostile. Those days are over, but there are still problems. Those white men who are in closest touch with the Maoris and who have been admitted to their social gatherings and to some of their traditional ceremonies are urgent in their demands that the Maoris shall be helped to preserve their social customs, their art, their songs and the fundamentals of their native life, for otherwise they fear that European influence will destroy the only unifying factors that remain, and in so doing will hinder the Maori leaders in their efforts towards social regeneration.

It is sad that during the last generation of the 19th century European influence was on the whole harmful. The introduction of money produced greed, altering the Maori's scale of values for the worse. The introduction of alcohol also added a serious temptation.

This gloomy picture is a thing of the past. Education has already nearly banished the evil results of the impact of the white man's civilization. A visit to one of the Maori schools is most heartening. Nowhere could be seen a healthier, more vital and intelligent set of boys and girls. Nowhere could one hear more beautiful singing or witness more graceful dancing. It is the aim of these schools to inspire their pupils with the desire to be good farmers, good fishermen and craftsmen, skilled in the ancient Maori arts. It is recognized that a few will pass on to secondary schools and to the University, and become doctors, lawyers, teachers and members of Parliament. For such full opportunities and the means to use them are provided, but the majority are definitely encouraged to follow the life of their fathers.

The Maoris were in New Zealand four or five hundred years before the white man. They owned all the land till he came, and though now only a small amount is theirs, they are still the country's possessors

in a real and spiritual sense, for they live in closer touch with both the gentle and powerful forces of Nature than does the white man.

Row yourself up the great Wanganui River to the famous drop-scene, a Maori canoe will be there before you, its occupants fishing for eels. Climb to the foothills of Ngauruhoe, you will find a group of Maori women gazing at its glory in worshipful silence. Should you wish to climb this volcano or the mighty Tongariro, you will be safest with a Maori guide, for they have an almost uncanny psychic ability in forecasting the behaviour of volcanoes and geysers and in predicting earthquakes. Should you attempt to drive through one of the bridgeless torrents that cross the roads when rain has been heavy, and stick, a Maori will hurry to your help with his oxen, and will drag you out.

Possibly it is a certain fatalism in the Maori make-up which enables him to dwell calmly under threat of landslides, floods and earthquakes. Possibly it is due to a close kinship with the natural world, inherited from his South Sea ancestors. Endowed as he is with psychic understanding of Nature's ways and with fearlessness in their presence, the Maori loves the land of the long white cloud with a love that makes him its true possessor.



Mount Kenya

by Lt.-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

THE great snow-capped mass of Mt Kenya lies almost astride the equator, alone in its grandeur, with no other mountain near to detract from its impressiveness.

Its twin peaks, Bation and Nelion, the first and slightly higher of which is 17,040 feet above sea-level, form the summits of a precipitous rock mass, the core of an ancient volcano which protrudes above the crumbled walls of its crater and makes the last fifteen hundred feet of the mountain one of the world's most difficult climbs. The approach to the foot of the rock-faces is hardly more than rough walking up to well over 15,000 feet.

Below this rock mass lies about a thousand feet of scree, where nearly every valley holds one or two small lakes, some quite recently formed, while others have as recently been swept away through the bursting of the barriers at their lower ends.

Below the scree come the open moors, dotted with giant groundsels and lobelias growing amidst tussocks of grass which become more immense the nearer one gets to the tree-line at about 11,500 feet; until, in the patches of open amongst the upper forest, they are higher than a man's waist, solid earth and roots up to three feet or more, and a torment to struggle through.

The upper zone of the forest is mainly evergreens, but the bamboo begins at about 10,500 feet and there is about a thousand feet of it, intermingled with forest trees which become bigger as one gets lower, until the bamboo is suddenly left at about 9500 feet and the main belt of forest stretches downward until the trees thin out on the warmer slopes at about 6000 feet and the forest merges into open bush and grass, then eventually becoming the desert of rock and thornbush on the north and east, and the tree and grass country of the south and west.

Above 8000 feet there are no human habitations, and but for an occasional wandering hunter or seeker for honey, elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo reign supreme. The lion is only found in the open country of the lowest slopes, except for occasional appearances on the moors above the tree-line, where eland have also been seen. The big pachyderms feed right up to the top of the tree-line, and buffalo go even higher, more than one skeleton having been found at over 14,000 feet.

From every side of the mountain flow small rivers, nearly all stocked with rainbow trout, which have flourished to almost too great an extent. For their food supply has been much diminished by rapid breeding, so that the seven- and eight-pound fish of a few years ago are no longer to be discovered, and a two-pounder is now as much as one can hope for.

When, in 1935, I first prospected the site of our house, at 6000 feet on the south-west flank of the mountain, the twenty-five acres we eventually purchased were just forest; and as I moved about, bent double, half a dozen waterbuck fled in front of me, and there was a rhino's dusting bath within ten yards of where our guest-house now stands. Even while we were building, an old buffalo used to sleep nightly within a hundred yards.

OUR GARDEN

Now, in this wonderful climate, we have a flower garden such as would take many years to create in England; our roses would be hard to beat in any part of the world, and we grow seventeen kinds of fruit.

In fact our chief difficulty is often to prevent things growing. For annuals seed themselves and reappear in places where they are far from being wanted; roses insist on blooming throughout the year, so that pruning and cutting back is a constant difficulty; while, as strawberries and other berries fruit twice a year and for nearly twice as long as they do in temperate climates with a definite winter to check them, there is twice the work to be done in manuring and replanting. Then of course the weeds are twice as many and twice as vigorous.

It is a delightful place to anyone fond of an outdoor life and interested in sport and natural history. As I leave the front door to pass down through the garden, there are four species of brightly jewelled sunbirds probing the salvias or boring holes in the bottoms of my best gladioli flowers, to get at the insects within. Three species of hornbill fly about croaking in the big trees, and a couple of plantain-eaters display their wonderful crimson patch on a field of black as they slip away through the forest to avoid the crowned hawk eagle which wheels screaming through the trees.

The garden boy intercepts me to point out a three-horned chameleon on the end of a lantana spray, and nervously watches me pick it up; for the Kikuyu are terrified of these grotesque yet harmless little reptiles, more so than of our occasional puff-adders.

Out through the gate in the six-foot wire netting, which prevents the bushbuck from feasting nightly on our roses, though our two alsatians have made life too precarious for them to lie up near the house; and then down the drive bordered with five-foot-high cannas and montbretias on which a small herd of buffalo came to browse last Christmas, and so to the vegetable garden by the river. Here, having sent up a cucumber, lettuce, green peas and a pineapple to the house, I repair to the stream, having been commissioned to get a trout. I soon have a couple, weighing nearly three pounds between them, from a pool by the celery patch where I once took out a four-pounder, and am just putting my rod back in its bag, when the dogs set up a tremendous barking and I run off with Ndegwa, my camera boy and

general outdoor factotum, to slay the monkey (Sykes Guenon) which they have tree'd and which is one of the most destructive pests in the garden.

The monkey duly slain, there is a bird's nest to be photographed and that takes the rest of the morning, while the afternoon is spent in developing, and in setting the butterflies caught in the morning. These are marvellous in variety and beauty, and I have so far taken 156 species on our 'shamba', as an estate is called in Kenya.

The wealth of animal life is amazing. I have photographed elephant, rhino and buffalo within less than five miles of our house, yet we are only four miles from a railway station. Other inhabitants of the adjacent forest are leopard, waterbuck, giant forest hog, wild dog, wart-hog, bush pig and the suni. These suni are tiny little antelope about thirteen inches at the shoulder, and were a great pest in the vegetable garden; pushing under the wire-netting and eating whole rows of young beans and peas in a night, but the dogs have much reduced their numbers. There are a few porcupines, but they do not bother us much, as we do not grow potatoes, but ant-bears have an annoying habit of digging holes in roads and paths, with what object it is hard to discover.

KIKUYU NEIGHBOURS

The Kikuyu, the biggest tribe in Kenya, live just across the river from us, in their Reserve, which has some of the most beautiful country I have ever seen. Very fertile, with never-failing streams in plenty, it is little wonder that labour is often hard to get. Many of them only work a couple of months each year; just long enough to earn the money for their hut tax, and then return to their thatched mud-and-wattle huts to cultivate their maize, or, more often, watch their women do it.

We draw our servants from the more enterprising of them, who, Mission-taught, demand a higher standard of living and earn higher wages; and it is wonderful when one realizes that their parents were mainly forest-dwelling savages, how good and teachable they are. Not that they would do for the houses of the Four Hundred, but I have known many a Nordic maidservant who smashed more crockery and was far more temperamental and trying withal.

It is curious to see the difference between the boys who have worked on European farms or been Mission-trained and those who only leave their shambas to take their produce to the local market. In the first case the men will be dressed in neat khaki coats and shorts, and their women in clean cotton dresses; but their less civilized relations will have but blankets or cotton cloths wrapped round them, and the women will be disfigured with plugs of white wood in their ears and heavy wire collars round their throats, often with bracelets and anklets to

match. Only the younger women and girls will sometimes be clad in cotton robes of brilliant hues, given them by their husbands, when particularly in favour, or perhaps by their fathers to enhance their charms and their price in marriage.

On the south-east side of the mountain are the Embu, and the Meru on the north, both of which tribes are smaller and more backward than the Kikuyu.

FIRST ATTEMPT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Naturally living with the snow peaks of the mountain right in front of our windows and only fifteen miles away, we were drawn to investigate closer and see what lay on its upper slopes in the way of animals and flowers; but it was not until January '38 that my wife and I were able to gratify our wishes and drive round thirty miles to a forest station only nine miles from our house by game track, to attack it from the most favourable side.

January and February are our hottest months by day and our coldest by night, and when awakened at dawn by a chorus of croaking cadences from numbers of black and white Colobus monkeys in the forest around, we wondered what the temperatures were going to be up above on the higher slopes. A couple of hours to weigh and distribute loads to our forty porters, issue blankets to five of them and our three personal boys—gun-bearer, camera boy and cook—and we got away a little after eight o'clock.

Our start was from an elevation of about 8000 feet, and we left the Forest Department's plantations behind in the first two miles, then, after another four through forest with a very slight rise, we began to climb a long ridge, a herd of elephant trumpeting not far off as we left the flat.

The trees grew ever larger, until we passed through some magnificent moss-hung camphor trees (*Ocotea usambarensis*) at a little over 9000 feet, where a stretch of giant nettles made things decidedly uncomfortable. These camphor trees are not those from which the camphor of commerce is obtained, but are so called from the smell of their timber, which is much prized for furniture-making.

Then came another still steeper section of the ridge and we entered the bamboo belt quite suddenly.

This was most unpleasant going. In the deep gloom of the over-arching sprays we slipped and stumbled on fallen bamboos, or scraped and cut ourselves on the sharp edges of those lopped to clear the way. Every now and then we would come on a litter of great white spiral shavings, young bamboo tops chewed by elephant or buffalo, but only once heard a sound: the deep rumble of elephant tummies some fifty yards from the track.

While the porters halted I went forward and shouted, keeping the

rifle ready in case they should stampede my way; but there was only the crack of a breaking branch and they had faded away as silently as if they weighed as many ounces as they do tons.

AMONG GIANT GROWTHS

We crossed a small stream where a leopard had left very recent tracks, then climbed another ridge at whose top a trailing creeper clutched me by the ankle and threw me down, ricking my knee, so that we had to halt an hour further on at 3.30 P.M., camping in a little open grassy glade at about 10,000 feet, where the first of the giant groundsel overhung our tent with immense ten-foot caricatures of the seed-stems one pushes between the bars of the canary's cage at home.

A really cold night, and the heavy dew had first soaked the tents then frozen on them, so we had to wait until the sun rose and dried them somewhat before making a start; they would have been too heavy for the porters when wet.

Another hour and a rise of about 500 feet brought us to the top of the main belt of bamboos, and we entered open moorland of enormous tussocks of grass, interspersed with patches of forest ever growing more infrequent.

The tussocks were the most uncomfortable going I have ever encountered, except for one ten-mile march in the Himalayas over scree the size of petrified cottages. The grass on top of the tussocks met everywhere over the interstices between the solid centres of roots and earth, and every step was made groping for a place to set one's foot; often putting it on top of a smaller lump and then slipping off and falling. If one clutched the thin wiry grass in falling, it cut one's hands painfully. Even patches of bamboo were welcomed as a relief, and when we squelched through a little bog, the first of several, we felt quite comforted.

Eventually, after about three hours walking, we reached the belt of giant heath, and the tussocks, though still most trying, became smaller. Four hours after leaving the last camping place we pitched our tents in a little tongue of fifteen-foot trees at 11,500 feet, with a glorious view from our tent doors right across the Kikuyu Reserve to the Aberdare Range fifty miles away.

As we had entered the giant heath we had come across clumps of four-foot-high everlastings (*Helychrysum*), bearing white flowers with black centres. Here, just beside our tents was a six-foot clump, its flowers so sensitive to sunshine that every time the sun retired behind a cloud they all closed up, then opened again when it emerged to warm them.

In the last half-mile we had plentiful evidence of what the light at this altitude can do in the way of producing giant growths; for there were three more species of groundsel, growing from six to twenty-five

feet in height, each with great heads of yellow flowers. Perhaps the most beautiful and curious of all was a giant lobelia, growing to seven and a half feet, a dark purple flower nestling inside each of the delicate green hooded bracts which grew close together on the upper two-thirds of the shaft.

We intended spending a week in this camp, and, as soon as the tents were pitched, issued all but five of the porters, whom we were retaining with us to keep the camp supplied with fuel and water, with their ration of corn meal, sugar, tea and salt, and told them they could go down and spend the night half way back in the forest where it would be warmer.

But this was not their idea at all. They rigged up the tarpaulin shelters we had brought for them, gathered themselves an enormous pile of fuel, and then went off to collect quantities of a berry called *mukaita* by the Kikuyu. This is the fruit of a tree, *Raponaea rhododendroides*, and grows in clusters on the stems of the smaller branches. Of a purply-red colour, it is much esteemed by the Kikuyu, and other tribes, as medicine for all internal disorders. The berries are dried, and when wanted are steeped in boiling water and the infusion drunk. Our men collected large quantities and spread them in the sun to dry, then took them down with them next day, having sat up most of the night talking and singing round a big fire. When they came back for us six days later they arrived early in camp, and immediately set to work collecting more of their precious berries.

COLLECTOR'S JOY

Life in camp was far from idle, for I was collecting small mammals, birds and butterflies for museum purposes, and was also very busy with photography.

As a boy I was always enthralled with the idea of collecting in foreign lands, and imagined myself walking through the jungle or climbing mountains, shooting specimens of rare and unknown animals, then returning in triumph to camp to skin them in a few minutes; eventually being welcomed back to civilization as an intrepid and distinguished explorer and naturalist. Somehow I never imagined that specimens take many weary hours to prepare, that walking in such places is hardly like that on a main road, or that heat, cold, biting insects, torrents of rain and other discomforts often dim the brightness of the picture. Now I have actually been collecting for varying periods and in vastly differing climates for some thirty years, and I did not take long to realize that success, as with most things, comes from hard work and, very often, some hardship.

My time was so taken up with skinning that V. had to take on the butterfly-hunting round camp and caught many of our specimens.

Our time was short so we could only skim the surface, and of the

two things I particularly wanted, a duiker and a francolin, I got no specimen. I saw one duiker, but got no shot, and two large red francolin, looking almost like Scotch grouse, fell to the shotgun amongst the tussocks of grass and could not be found. These were, I think, the Elgon Francolin, and one day while photographing flowers I nearly put my foot on two of them within a furlong of camp. Of course I had no gun, and by the time it was brought they had disappeared in the grass.

FROM BUTTERFLIES TO ELEPHANTS

We collected up to 15,000 feet, at which height I got a very interesting butterfly, *Acraea baxteri*, whose rather feeble flight seemed quite unsuited to the bitter wind which raged over the moors, making walking difficult and almost biting the skin off my face: even the lobes of my ears began to crack. At this height I got two more butterflies, a common white one, *Aphnaeis aurota*, and a little blue, *Cyclirius aequatorialis*, which seemed to spend much of its time flying up and down little yard-deep gullies sheltered from the wind; reminding me of another little blue I collected in the Indian province of Sind, where a howling wind rages across the desert and this midget takes its exercise flying round and round inside one of the wiry-stemmed desert bushes.

Between 13,000 and 14,000 feet were plenty of the brush-furred mouse, *Lophuromys aquilus*, and also of the very interesting swamp rat, *Otomys thomasi*, which was quite the wrong species to find here, as it is properly from the Aberdare Range, fifty miles to the west; there are two other species on Mt Kenya, either of which I ought to have got, but never saw. These little rodents explained the presence of several large African kestrels, which hung hovering in the wind, waiting to drop silently and suddenly on any little beast venturing too far from its shallow hole under the giant lobelias.

While hunting a butterfly a snipe rose from a gully in which water trickled, and a little hunting produced four more, two of which I shot. These were the Ethiopian snipe, and I found a good many in the little bogs high up on the mountain, from our camp to 14,000 feet.

Photography high up was handicapped by mist sweeping up any time after eleven o'clock, and to climb 3000 feet by then meant an early start if the tussocks were to be defeated in time. But on the whole, although we had selected what is normally the driest season of the year, we were lucky in our weather, as we only had one really rainy day. At any time the higher slopes of Mt Kenya are liable to be swept by rain storms or blizzards.

A genet, of the type which devastates the poultry yards of the Kikuyu, but with its spots arranged in quite a different pattern, was another interesting capture; but the third afternoon provided a most unexpected spectacle.

A herd of about fifteen elephants fed up from the valley below camp, until, with trumpeting and crashing, they arrived on the ridge just opposite, about 400 yards away, and fed there until dark. Elephants feeding at 11,000 feet is a sight I never expected to see, though I already knew that they cross over from ridge to ridge at this height at times, and indeed there were fairly recent tracks of a travelling herd just by our tents; but these stayed there all night, although it froze hard, and in the morning we saw them about 500 feet lower down in an open grassy place. They may have been feeding on *mukaita* berries, and seemed to be eating these trees as far as I could see.

Many animals periodically repair to special localities to eat for medicinal purposes, and there is a 'salt lick' a couple of miles from our house where the elephants come down every rains for a purge; also devouring large quantities of coarse grass which they seem to eat at no other time, and digging out large lumps of the potash-impregnated earth with their tusks, so that following up a herd is a far from pleasant business. Incidentally the analysis of such 'salt licks' has shown that, in at least 90 per cent of them the animals come for the potash in the earth, and not for salt, which last is only present in minute quantities or not at all. Yet a couple of sacks of rock-salt dug into the earth at almost any point in the forest is certain to be found, and to constitute an unfailing attraction for large animals.

One curious thing about this particular herd of elephant was the presence of a cow with twin calves. I had noticed them together the previous evening, and in the morning she was standing quite apart from the rest of the herd in the middle of the grass, with the two calves of the same size with her. I know that twins are not uncommon with Indian elephant, for I have seen three pairs born in captivity, but I do not know if it is known with African elephant: I have not heard of it, and it is very difficult to assert that these were both born of the same mother, as elephants are given to adopting orphaned youngsters.

Of reptiles we saw only one above the tree-line; a shiny, striped lizard of the skink tribe, which was fairly common in the grass up to 13,000 feet.

BACK TO EARTH

As we descended to lower levels a big hyaena, carrying some offal, came below and crossed in front of the porters, and a little investigation revealed the remains of a dead elephant, a small bull, lying in the gloom of a little hollow in the forest. There was only a rickle of bones left, most of them gnawed by hyaenas, and he had probably been wounded while raiding crops and wandered here to die. The tusks were small, weighing only eighteen and sixteen pounds.

Having returned to the Forest Station, I spent a week collecting there, the early mornings being devoted to trying for specimens of the

giant forest hog. They live in the very thickest forest and I never got sight of one, though I shot a very interesting bush pig. One day's efforts after the giant hog took me into jungle full of elephant and rhino, whose tunnels through the undergrowth made me feel as if I were in an exaggerated rabbit warren, and after almost running into one of the great pachyderms without seeing a square inch of it, I decided that further efforts were likely to be more than unprofitable and cleared out; though with difficulty, as we lost our way.

The portions of the days spent in this camp were more than thoroughly occupied in preparing specimens of small mammals which came in almost hourly.

Genets, three species of mongoose, forest rats, squirrels and half a dozen tree hyrax, which last make a noise at night strongly resembling the cries of a six-months-old baby that is being strangled, all had to be dealt with. But the most notable was a fine smooth-clawed otter, nearly five and a half feet long, captured on the little river. These otters seem to do little damage among the trout; feeding mainly on the crabs which used to abound. I say 'used to abound', for the trout have eaten nearly all of them and the otters are beginning to prey on the trout as a result of the reduced food supply.

A week of this hard work was enough and I was glad to get back to our house, though not for a real rest, as only four days later we started on another safari, away north towards Abyssinia, and preparations and packing had to be made for a trip into vastly different country where heat, not cold, was one of the handicaps, and, instead of an excess, a shortage of water the difficulty to be overcome.

In the Lion House

By LORD DUNSANY

I HEARD a lion roar
Beyond a cage's door.
None showed a tremor, nor
Even dissembled.
Then came to memory's sight
A lion in his might,
Heard once where, through the night,
Africa trembled.

An Ice-cream in Sandusky

by OLIVER WARNER

PLACES without people are to some of us like lamb without mint. We visit places for the sake of people, and when the answer is not obvious, uninteresting or depressing, few things are more fascinating than trying to find out why someone lives in just the place he does. The strangest reasons have a way of revealing themselves, and sometimes the seeker is wholly baffled. There are difficulties in plenty for the discreet: for instance, it needed a journey across the Atlantic, then up the St Lawrence to Montreal, and a further long distance by rail, tramway and steamer before I discovered why a certain uncle of mine lived where he did.

Even then, the answer was inconclusive. The family had spoken of him not so much as a black sheep as a grey one. The truth is, they knew little about him, since he had not been to England for thirty years.

As I soon discovered, what had actually happened was that he had become, in the course of a long spell of bachelorhood in Ontario, a piece of human driftwood. Not that the stuff was water-logged: no, there was still some buoyancy left, even after fifty years afloat. The warmth of a pipe of tobacco, even a casual human contact would serve, after a little thawing, to render him companionable. If he was born to eddy along the current of life without a rudder of his own, he could be a good friend to any who flung a hand to him from the stream.

Hell, so a sage has assured us with all the authority of inside information, is made up of extremes. Possibly he knew something of life in some districts of the Canadian lakes. There, the climate slides dizzily between steam-heat and refrigerator cold, while material opportunities, rich though they may be, are grasped solely by the man who has unlimited energy, optimism, and who can endure longish spells of boredom.

Only the third of these necessary gifts was possessed by my Uncle Lawrence, who had, as an additional handicap, a distressing lack of providence. Yet he was capable of surprises, and when I had been with him ten days, as his first guest from England, he was visited by an idea. This happened so rarely that at first I could scarcely credit it.

"Say," he whispered, one sweltering afternoon as we lay sprawling in two rickety chairs in the shade, "let's go to America."

It was a pretty bold thought, though it wasn't quite like saying "Let's go to Paris" if you were in New York, or "Let's go to Toronto" if you were in Peckham, for Uncle Lawrence, original in many things, was as near to America as he could be without actually living under the Stars and Stripes. It just happened that way.

Pelee was his home; and those who know where Pelee is (or how to pronounce it) have either lived there, or have an indecent passion for geographical detail.

Eight by something is the size of this island, and they say it looks in shape, to an air pilot, like a miniature edition of the States. At the western end of Lake Erie, it is as far south as Canada goes on the map. Roots and tobacco grow in the sandy soil, and at certain times of the year they get a plague of scraggy chickens. The surface has no contours, and in fine there are brighter places in which to live.

During the summer of my stay a steamer made a weekly excursion to the American shore of the lake, and it was of this that Lawrence was thinking. For a split second I thought he was going to suggest going on the razzle, or its local equivalent, but it was simpler than that. He had seen too few razzles in his battered life to have acquired much taste for them. What he really meant was: "Let's go and have an ice-cream in Sandusky".

There may seem little enough in that, but then no one else I ever heard of had been on Uncle Lawrence's island for upwards of ten years without ever putting foot on the mainland. It seemed to be his only local fame. Actually, Lawrence would have done this American trip long before, but he never had the money.

During the time I had been with him we had been about a good bit, on my insistence, for I soon tired of the fly-ridden interior of the avuncular homestead. We had broken the spell. We had been to Leamington, Ontario, to other lake islands, and even over to the far side of Pelee (where there were rattlesnakes), in a neighbour's broken-down buggy. In each case we had our ice-cream, though they weren't, I began to grasp, those high-powered, multi-coloured pyramids with which, it seemed, Lawrence must have cooled his dreams on many a dripping night.

"Well—what do you say to it?" he asked, after a suitable pause.

I had been so overcome at Lawrence suggesting anything that I had not yet responded by even so much as the proverbial bat of an eyelid. Lawrence's mere wish to go anywhere of his own volition seemed almost too good to be true.

After I had assented eagerly, he fished in his pocket and produced two quarters and a dime—not enough to take even one of us there and back. Still, it gave him the feeling that he was doing something towards the trip. He looked at the coins wistfully for a moment, and then replaced them. We caught the boat.

Lawrence stepped ashore at Sandusky not like Captain Cook discovering the Sandwich Islands, an attitude I could have understood, but as if it were a landing he made every week. He spared not a glance at anything new—at the grain elevators, for instance, or the damage done by a tornado a few weeks before, or at the bright straw hats which made his black cloth cap look dreary, or even at the girls. His eyes were set straight before him, as if he had seen a vision of the Promised Land. He led us along a dusty highway on a quest of his own.

He was disappointed. The place he wanted had gone, years and years before I suspect, in the way of the New World, where little is meant to outlast its newness. In its room had sprung up a large church, with the pastor's name—Rev. ELISHA BEACON—in front of it, painted on a board in staggering gilt letters. Below waved a red notice like a postscript, telling us that Drink spelt Destitution, and (in the same breath) that God saw us Everywhere. Lawrence didn't like this. Brought up a discreet Anglican, such ecclesiastical publicity offended his sense of decorum—and anyway, it wasn't the same as an ice-cream.

We found a cafeteria in the end, snugly tucked between a super-cinema and a ten-cent store. Lawrence considered the bill of fare most lovingly. Up and down the neat lines of type ran his finger till it settled like a fly on 'Peach Melba'.

"Oh boy!" he said, "that spells G-O-O-D to me."

He ordered two, to be served together. I think he would have had three had he dared. He ate them so slowly, and with such lingering relish, that the second had begun to melt in good earnest before he had finished the first. Then he ordered sweet-corn, with plenty of butter.

It was the wrong way round to eat them, but when you have

waited ten years for a particular ice-cream, little things like that don't signify.

Cosily full, my uncle belched softly, and we walked out together to see sights and people which still, after his interminable exile, had no spark of interest for him.

His mission was already over. It mattered nothing that away in Pelee a bunch of stray cats had made away with the remnants of our week's provisions, or that he had missed two insurance 'prospects' who had called at his cottage in our absence. He had found his America, and his teeth were still aching from her welcome.
